

The AMERICAN GIRL

October
1954 · 25¢



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by MARJORIE VETTER

GAUL IS DIVIDED. By ESTHER FISHER BROWN. The William Frederick Press, \$4.00. Are you studying Roman history or painfully translating Caesar's "Gallic Wars" in Latin class, and being bored by what seems to you a mass of dead, dull, hard-to-understand facts? This historical novel of the other side of the picture of the Roman conquest and "Caesar's Commentaries" will help, by giving that period life and color and reality for you. It is the story of Vercingetorix, the Arvernian chieftain who cherished an ideal of freedom and democracy and tried to arouse the Gallic tribes to unite and fight for it. Here are the Gallic leaders and their people—their courage, traditions, dreams, and aspirations as well as their selfishness, weaknesses, and disunity. Here in the person of Sukis (the Druid who loved and taught Vercingetorix) is Druidism, shorn of ritual and superstition, teaching a philosophy of union with the Godhead, or Supreme Being. Vercingetorix, as commander-in-chief of the Gallic forces opposing Caesar and the highly trained Roman legions, successfully instituted guerrilla warfare and the scorched-earth policy we have known in the present day. He struggled with ignorance, treachery, and self-interest in trying to rally the Gauls to unity and self-sacrifice against the foe. A thoughtful girl, who enjoys current-events classes, will not fail to be intrigued by the parallels drawn again and again with today's world conditions and to find comfort in the idea that, though Vercingetorix gave his life for his ideal, it did not perish with him but lived on through the centuries to inspire mankind.

THE LOST ISLAND. By EILIS DILLON. Funk and Wagnalls Company, \$2.75. Would you like to set sail for a mysterious island? Would hairbreadth escapes and the hot pursuit of evil men add to the pleasurable excitement? Then come along with three daring and quick-witted boys on a boat called the *Wave Rider*. Michael Farrell had not heard from his father in four years until a tattered tramp appeared with Jim Farrell's knife and a message for his son that might or might not be genuine. Fired by old Bartley's tales, Jim had set out in quest of the legendary treasure on the elusive island of Inishmanann, off the Irish coast. Convinced that Jim was alive, Michael and his faithful friend, Joe, were determined to find Inishmanann, though they had only old Bartley's vague directions that it lay south of north and north of south. They managed to acquire a boat and in doing so aroused the cupidity of a dangerous scoundrel, Pat Conway, and his group of unsavory associates. Michael and Joe slipped through the fingers of these rascals the first time with the aid of young Mike, who promptly joined the expedition and

(Continued on page 6)

THE AMERICAN GIRL

When to ease the tension with BEECH-NUT GUM!



First date with the new boy? New dress, new hair-do, new crowd to meet? Keep calm, dear, they'll love you. Before he comes, ease the tension with Beech-Nut Gum!



Got a part in the play? Don't fret about that entrance, have a stick of Beech-Nut Gum. Helps ease the tension, keeps your mouth sweet, fresh, minty and moist!



Cooking for the family tonight? Don't let it get you down. Dad's a darling. If the worst happens, he'll treat! Meanwhile, ease that tension with Beech-Nut Gum!



Puzzled by a paragraph? Let's not get flustered. Have a refreshing stick of Beech-Nut Gum and start back at the beginning. It'll come clear—you're smart!



The AMERICAN GIRL

FOR ALL GIRLS—PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.

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ESTHER R. BIEN,
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LAURA VITRAY, Article Editor

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OCTOBER COVER PHOTO

It's an old American custom—folk dancing. Pat Griffin (left) and Eve Reisz, instructors on the Arthur Murray staff, are shown demonstrating the American Girl Polka designed by the maestro himself. (Note the father-daughter team in the background doing a conscientious job of beating out the rhythm.) The girls are attractively dressed in the popular new Folk-Dance Fashions featured on pages 24-25. To get your very own how-to-dance instructions for the American Girl Polka turn to page 38.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: \$3.00 for one year, \$5.00 for two years. Foreign, Pan-American, and Canadian, \$6.00 extra a year for postage, \$1.20 for two years. Remit by money order for foreign or Canadian subscriptions.

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

NEW! DOCTOR'S DEODORANT DISCOVERY*

SAFELY STOPS ODOR
24 HOURS A DAY!

New Mum with M-3
won't irritate normal skin
or damage fabrics



Proved in underarm comparison tests made by a doctor. Deodorant without M-3, tested under one arm, stopped perspiration odor only a few hours. New Mum with M-3, tested under other arm, stopped odor a full 24 hours.

- *Exclusive deodorant based originally on doctor's discovery, now contains long-lasting M-3 (Hexachlorophene).
- Stops odor all day long because invisible M-3 clings to your skin—keeps on destroying odor bacteria a full 24 hours.
- Non-irritating to normal skin. Use it daily. Only leading deodorant containing no strong chemical astringents—will not block pores.
- Won't rot or discolor fabrics—certified by American Institute of Laundering.
- Delicate new fragrance. Creamier texture—new Mum won't dry out in the jar.
- Gentle, safe, dependable—ideal for sanitary napkins, too. Get new Mum today.

NEW MUM®
cream deodorant
with long-
lasting M-3
(HEXACHLOROPHENE)



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Switch-about
Blouses



A. "Buttonaire". . . Whiz-washing 50% wool, 35% vicara and 15% nylon jumper boasts a deep V-neck that closes with a decorative gold pin, buttons down to the hem of the wide, whirling skirt. Grey, red, or brown. Sizes 7 to 15, 8 to 16.

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B. Italian inspired tab shirt of wonderfully washable cotton broadcloth boasts an angel-wing collar, cuffed push-up sleeves and pearlized buttons. White only. Sizes 32 to 38.

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Books

(Continued from page 3)

proved a valuable addition to the party. The three boys had a hair-raising time, keeping ahead of the vicious men who never relinquished their deadly purpose, and battling storm-tossed seas and dangerous reefs. Interesting Irish characters and the charm of the Irish background color this fast-moving adventure yarn by an Irish author, published for the first time in this country.



WHY WE SAY. By ROBERT L. MORGAN. Sterling Publishing Company, \$2.00. Maybe you are presently struggling with French idioms. Then you know all too well that an idiom is an expression whose sense cannot be understood from the ordinary meanings of the words in it. Every language has such colorful expressions that lend it life and flavor. All of us unconsciously are constantly using picturesque phrases that, when we stop to think about it, tantalize us with wonder about how they came to mean what they do. Here are the stories behind a few hundred of the popular terms in our current speech. It is fun just to read through the book. You will probably find some surprises. For instance, "double-header" was not originally a baseball term but was borrowed from railroad terminology in which it meant a train with two engines at the head. Do you know how "aboveboard," "in hot water," "tycoon"—to mention a few—acquired their meanings? Some of the expressions, like "by the skin of your teeth," have come down from Bible days; some, like "fifth column" and "in the groove," are recent additions to our language. The book is indexed and cross-indexed; it contains a classified subject listing and a list of State names.



MYSTERY OF THE BLACK DIAMONDS. By PHYLLIS A. WHITNEY. The Westminster Press, \$2.50. New York apartments and city pavements were no fun for Angie Wetheral and she was tired of too-short stays in interesting places while her father, a successful writer of murder mysteries, did research for a new book. This time it was Colorado, where ghost towns seemed a perfect setting for the operations of her father's hero, Guthridge Gilmore. Stories of gold and silver boom days when fortunes were taken from the Colorado hills made Angie and her brother, Mark, dream of finding a treasure that would leave Dad free to write his long-talked-of novel. Then the family could settle down in one place, preferably Colorado. When the old mountaineer, Uncle Ben Ellington, gave Angie and Mark a cryptic map and left them his house in the ghost town of Blossom, they could hardly wait to begin their treasure hunt. Blossom was not quite a ghost town, however, as the Wetherals found when their presence was resented by old inhabitants—Jinx Kobler, a strange, unfriendly girl, and her unbending, equally unfriendly grandmother. Night prowlers, blood-curdling shrieks, flash floods, and a strange man with a well-guarded box added to the excitement. Angie discovered that winning Jinx' friendship was no easier than finding buried treasure.

This has more to offer than the usual mystery for younger readers. It is rich in characterization, humor, and good writing. The Colorado-ghost town background is vivid and authentic. Miss Whitney visited the prototype of Blossom when she was in Colorado.

(Continued on page 9)

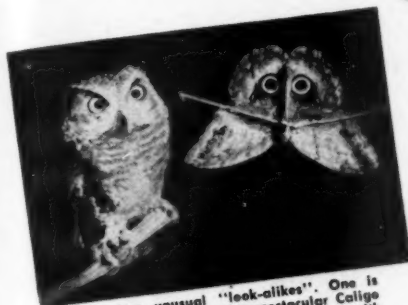
OCTOBER, 1954

Girls!

THE NATIONAL AUDUBON SOCIETY

INVITES YOU TO ENJOY

An Exciting New Nature Hobby

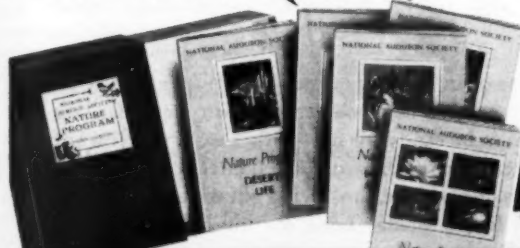


Here are two unusual "look-alikes". One is the owl—and the other, the spectacular Caligo Butterfly which often alights upside down with his "owl-eyes" showing! Nature "protects her own" with fascinating camouflage!



In an ordinary woodland pond you can find an amazing variety of fascinating creatures. Your Nature Program tells you what to look for, how to go about it.

ALL PICTURES
IN THRILLING
**NATURAL
COLORS!**



GIRL SCOUTS — JUST A FEW OF THE PROFICIENCY BADGES THE NATURE PROGRAM CAN HELP YOU EARN:

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There's no obligation when you send for this **FREE** set. You may

resign your membership any time you wish. However, we feel sure that once you and your parents have become acquainted with this "Museum-at-Home" program, you will want to continue these delightful monthly "visits" for a while. The total cost is very low; only \$1 for each monthly set, plus a few pennies for shipping.

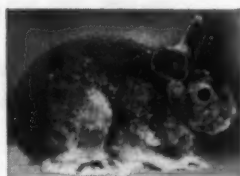
Anyway, we urge you to send for your **FREE** introductory kit now, because quantities are limited. Just print your name and address on the coupon and mail it today.

Here's a new program of things-to-know and things-to-do in the fascinating world of Nature

THIS wonderful new program, sponsored by the National Audubon Society, has captured the imagination of thousands of American girls. Now you can discover the wonders of Nature, with the help of wise and friendly naturalists.

The **FREE** Gift described below (worth \$2.00) is offered to you to demonstrate how much fun and knowledge you can enjoy with this thrilling plan. Through the magic eye of magnificent color photographs—and fact-filled albums in which to mount them—you journey each month "into the field" on a fascinating quest after Nature's secrets. You see how Nature "protects her own" with camouflage... follow the migrations of sea birds across the vast oceans... learn the strange, almost unbelievable ways some animals raise their cubs and fledglings. *Best of all*, your naturalist-guides will open your eyes to the wonders you can discover in your neighborhood, on hikes and camping trips—even in your own backyard.

Each month an exciting new topic is selected and a set of color prints is issued, together with an album in which to mount them, and a text that explains your "Museum-at-Home" collection. Just to show you their beauty and worth, we invite you to send the coupon now for a "sample"—the current set **CAMOUFLAGE IN NATURE**—as a **FREE GIFT!**



In summer, the snowshoe rabbit is the same color as his tundra home. But when autumn comes...



... the weather gets colder, and he starts to change color! When the ground is covered with snow...



... he has become all white—perfectly camouflaged once again!

THE NATURE PROGRAM

Dept. AG-10, Garden City, N.Y.

Please send me **FREE** the **CAMOUFLAGE IN NATURE** series including 31 natural color prints, and an album to mount them in, plus informative text. I understand that you plan to issue a new Nature series each month in cooperation with the National Audubon Society, for only \$1.00 each plus a small charge for shipping. You will immediately send me, without any charge, a handsome maroon and gold color case for my albums. After examining my **FREE** set, I'll notify you if I do not wish any others. I may cancel my subscription at any time I wish without any further obligation.

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...on parade ...on a picnic



Parade Dress!
Buster Brown Official
Girl Scout Oxford.
Also available in white.



Picnic Fare!
Buster Brown Official
Girl Scout Saddle Shoe.



When your troop's on parade, you want to look your best. When your troop's on a picnic, you want to be ready for fun. Either way, you'll want to wear Buster Brown Official Girl Scout Shoes—the fashion-right, fun-loving shoes that take your busy life in stride. Look for the word "official." It tells you and your mother you're getting the best—Buster Brown Official Girl Scout Shoes!

\$8.45

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it is marked "Girl Scout."

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OCTOBER, 1954

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Books

(Continued from page 6)

BONNIE, ISLAND GIRL. By GENEVIEVE FOX. Little Brown and Company, \$2.75. Can you imagine what it would be like to live on an island where there were no department stores, no high school, and only a mail boat once a day to connect you with the mainland? Such an island off the coast of Maine is the setting of this book. Bonnie knew about the boats and the sea—her father was a lobsterman—and about planning and saving, berrying and canning, housework and caring for her little brothers and sister, but very little about what it would be like among more sophisticated girls at the big mainland high school. There were many obstacles to overcome before she was settled on the mainland in Bayberry Harbor, working for her room and board and attending school. She was pretty and gay and spunky, and the story of her high school years is a happy one. Jimmy, an island boy a little older than Bonnie, who had preceded her to the mainland by a year or so, helped by his friendship and understanding. But there were complications when handsome, irrepressible Greg, a summer resident, besieged Bonnie with attentions and invitations, including a cruise on his family's luxurious yacht. You will enjoy Bonnie and the Maine island people and background.

ON LENNOX MOOR. By ELISABETH KYLE. Thomas Nelson and Sons, \$2.50. How would you like to be all set for a gay summer traveling in England and on the continent with your father and mother, and instead be sent off by yourself to stay in a lonely farmhouse on the edge of a vast moor in the sheep country of Scotland, with a frightened, timid aunt and a dour, autocratic uncle you had never seen before? That is what happened to Laurie Liston when her father was hospitalized by a sudden, serious illness on the family's arrival in London. Her aunt's warm welcome was offset by the realization that her uncle did not want her there. Disappointed, bored, lonely, and strange, Laurie felt her stay would be almost unendurable. Then she met Jim McNeil and his remarkable dog, Yarrow, and gradually became interested in the Scottish sheep country and the intelligent dogs trained to handle the sheep. For some time sheep had been disappearing from the flocks of the local farmers in a strange manner. Some superstitious villagers had seen strange lights on the haunted old sheep road where Tam the Reiver had been hanged many years ago. Laurie found herself taking sides in the controversy over whether the loss of the sheep had some ghostly connection with Tam or was the work of a "killer" dog. If you like dogs, you will find that the mounting suspense of Jim's and Laurie's efforts to save Yarrow, when he and Kelpie, her uncle's dog, are under suspicion, will make it impossible for you to put the book down for a moment. Together she and Jim engage in an exciting and daring bit of detective work that leads to surprising results. This is a mystery story with a sound plot, good characterizations and an interesting background of Scottish sheep raising and vivid descriptions of the moors.

THE END

You may order books reviewed on these pages from the book publishers, in care of the magazine. Please make checks or money orders payable to the book publisher, not to THE AMERICAN GIRL.

THE AMERICAN GIRL

How's your fashion I.Q.?

The fashions shown below are especially popular this fall with the high school and college crowd. Do you know why? How many can you identify? You pass if you get 40. A score of 50 is good, 60 perfect. Answers are on page 60.



1. Seen everywhere this fall, it's the

- (a) Jockey cap (b) Stocking cap
(c) Beret



2. Pretty party-dress top is the

- (a) Surplice (b) Camisole
(c) Empire



3. New skirt style for '54 is

- (a) Cropped (b) Ballet
(c) Wrap



4. This jacket is called

- (a) A lumber jacket (b) A shirt jacket
(c) A blazer



5. Her blouse is

- (a) A spencer (b) "A Sloppy Joe"
(c) A middy



6. Popular for campus wear are

- (a) Bermuda shorts (b) Clam diggers
(c) Bloomers

The new "Swing-Needle" **SINGER** Automatic

does 101 stitch variations as simply as it sews a straight seam

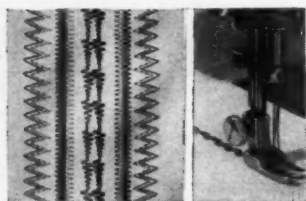
WITH the fabulous new SINGER* Automatic Sewing Machine, it's easier than you ever dreamed to sew on buttons, make button-holes, do monograms, embroidery and many other stitches!

The secret—the Automatic has "FASHION* Discs"!



A set of these clever little discs comes with the machine. Each disc does SINGER-smooth straight stitching, and a decorative pattern stitch with umpteen variations!

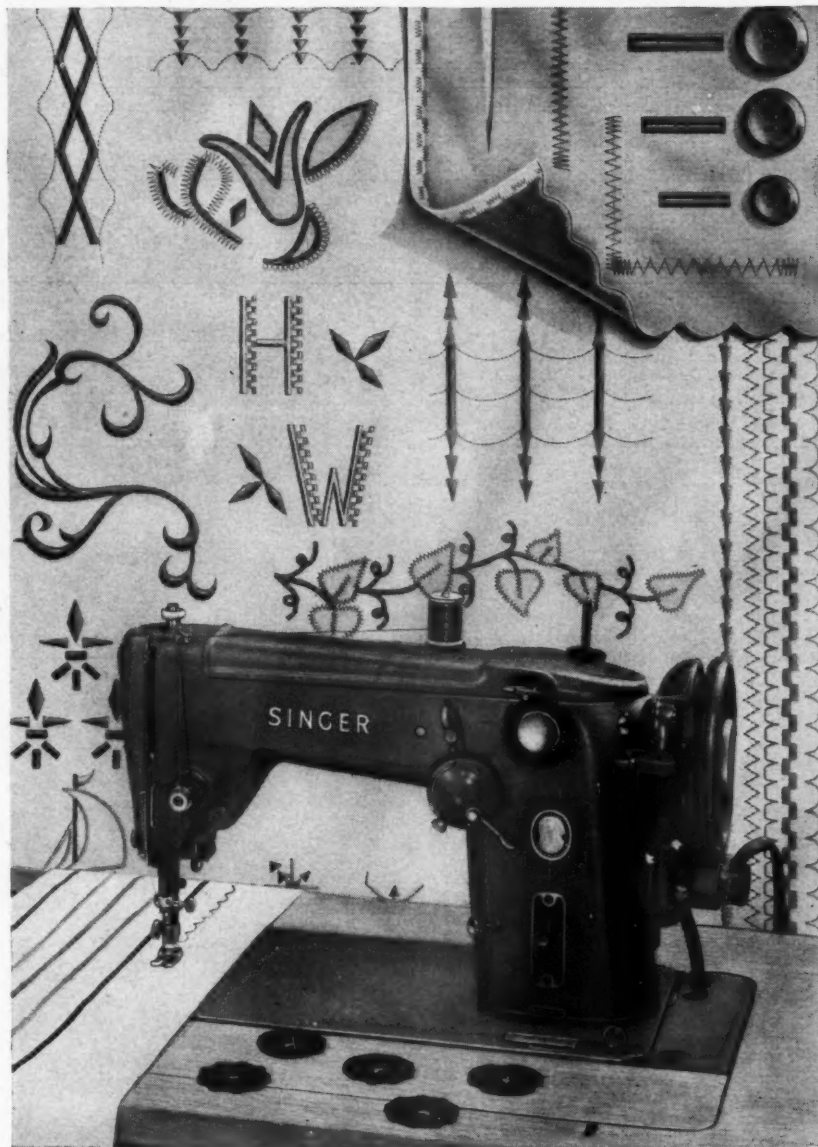
Slip one on the machine and watch your Automatic turn out plain or complex stitches *completely automatically*. The Automatic puts an end to time-consuming handwork—from hemming skirts to shaping scalloped collars!



New Twin Needle!

In addition to the regular needle, you get a new Twin Needle that lets you sew with two different color threads at once!

The Automatic comes in black or beige, in portable or cabinet styles. You get a complete sewing course *free* when you buy your SINGER. See the new Automatic... try it. Discover how delightfully *simple* it is to make beautifully detailed clothes and gifts.



All the above stitching was done with SINGER "FASHION Discs" on the new SINGER Automatic.

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A Sheltering Tree

*Friendship can be a sheltering tree
when you nourish it with faith and understanding*

by DOROTHY WITTON

Illustrations by John Kuller

HALLY LET HERSELF in the front door quietly and had started for the hall stairs when her mother's voice from the living room stopped her.

"Hally? What kept you so late, dear?"

She half turned. "Monday assembly," she said, "and then I walked the long way home. The fall colors are so pretty," she added, trying to make her voice casual.

"It is a lovely day," Mrs. Moore agreed. She looked at her daughter more closely. Hally's usually vivacious face, framed in dark curls, was sober. "Hally! What on earth's the matter? You look so strange!"

"Oh—nothing," she mumbled, averting her head. Then, as her mother waited, she added flatly, "They elected the Junior-Senior Girls' Club officers in open assembly this afternoon. Pris is president and I'm vice-president."

"Why, darling, how nice!" exclaimed Mrs. Moore. "Not that I think you need any more to do. Goodness knows you're

on everything at school already! But it is an honor. And it's nice that you and Priscilla—"

"Yeah." Hally's voice had a strange irony, and suddenly the rest of it came tumbling out, "But evidently Pris doesn't want me to work with her. She nominated Grace Carpenter for vice-president. She voted against me."

"Hally, there must be some mistake! Why, you and Priscilla—"

"That's what I thought," Hally broke in bitterly, "but it looks as if I am the only one who thought so. Something must have happened to Pris while I was at camp this summer—for her to give me a slap in the face like that—in public—" She choked and started up the stairs blindly.

"Hally, wait—" Mrs. Moore put out her hand. "Priscilla called just before you got home. She probably has some explanation."

Hally paused on the landing. "If she

Priscilla's mother looked worried. "Go on up. She's in bed."

calls again," she said in a level voice, "tell her I don't want to talk to her. There's nothing to say. I feel now as if I'd been throwing myself at her head—*me*, supposed to be the most popular girl in school!" She laughed grimly. "It seems I'm the only one who thought we were special friends—"

"Hally, that simply isn't true and you know it," Mrs. Moore said quietly. "Why, last spring you and Priscilla—"

Hally closed her bedroom door gently but firmly, and the rest of her mother's words were lost.

She sat down on the bed. It was nothing to get so terribly upset about, she told herself, unhappy tears springing to her eyes again. She hadn't really wanted the job, anyway. The vice-president of Girls' Club was always program chairman, too, and it was just a lot of extra work she didn't have time for. But it was as though Priscilla had announced to the whole world, "Hally Moore is no longer my friend." And that hurt. Hurt terribly.

All last year—and even yesterday—Hally would have said that *nothing* could ever change the way she and Priscilla felt about each other. The other girls in the school crowd came and went—but not Priscilla. She was apart—different. She had a certain dignity and reserve that made it hard to know her inside out, perhaps, but Hally had thought she knew her as well as anyone could.

In the spring, when she had Edna Ferber's autobiography out of the library, she had read a paragraph of it aloud to Priscilla: "I know four people to whom I could say, 'Look, I have leprosy, I have just murdered my grandmother, I haven't a penny in the world, the police are after me,' and I know they would meet this with, 'Come on in. Don't worry. We'll fix it up in no time. Have you had dinner?' To be able truthfully to say that is to be rich."

"Or even one person," Hally had added softly. "We're like that, Pris. We always will be, won't we?"

"Yes," Priscilla had answered.

Not a very effusive answer. But Priscilla was seldom talkative and almost never sentimental. Hally had been satisfied with that one-word answer. She knew Priscilla and she prized her friendship. That was why this breach of trust hit her so hard.

It hurt even more because everyone knew how fair and honest Priscilla was. She had been elected president almost unanimously. She wasn't popular in the sense that Hally was, perhaps, but everybody respected her judgment, and even the least discerning students could see that she was a natural for president.

Hally clapped harder than anybody when the announcement had been made. And then Sue nominated *her* for vice-president and the nomination was seconded. Hally was surprised and pleased. Not because she wanted the job, but because it meant that they trusted *her* de-

pendability, too. And while she was still feeling that pleasant glow, the blow fell. Priscilla, without looking in Hally's direction at all, nominated and recommended Grace Carpenter. Hally sat frozen in her seat through the rest of it.

It didn't matter that she had won the office, anyway. Nothing about the election mattered now. All that mattered was that her best friend had let her down with a bang, and Hally told herself that she'd never trust anyone to *that* extent again. Ever.

Well, there were lots of other people in the world, she thought fiercely, getting up from the bed. And lots of things to do! There was the play rehearsal tonight, for example. She looked at the clock, remembering that she had intended to go over her part before dinner. It was too late now to do anything but get herself ready.

At the dinner table her father failed to notice her unusual silence. When the phone rang, he answered it, and belatedly as he often did, "Damon! Pythias calling!"

Hally bit her lip and looked up from her plate to find her mother's blue eyes fixed on her steadily. After a moment's hesitation, she went to the telephone.

"Why didn't you wait for me after the meeting, Hal? I wanted to tell you—" Priscilla's cheerful voice came over the wire, sounding just as usual, and suddenly Hally felt the enormity of the betrayal all over again.

"I can't think of anything you'd have to say to me right now, Priscilla," she interrupted curtly. "The first club meeting isn't till next week, is it?"

"Hally, what's the matter? Surely you didn't mind my nominating Grace? You know you hate that kind of work—"

But Hally had laid the telephone softly in its cradle. She walked back to the table with her head high.

"You and Pris had a fuss?" Mr. Moore raised his eyebrows. "Why, I thought you two never—" His voice died abruptly as he noticed his wife's warning glance.

"I'd rather not discuss it," Hally said in a strained voice. "If you'll excuse me, I don't want any dessert. I have to get to rehearsal early—"

She said the same thing to Priscilla, in a different way, when Pris tried to draw her aside in the school corridor the next morning.

"Hally, I didn't know you'd take it like this. I—"

"Let's skip it, shall we?" Hally's bright, forced smile hurt her face, but she worked to make it convincing. "I guess we both made new friends this summer, didn't we? It was really silly—the way we stuck to each other like burs last year! We're too old for that sort of thing now."

Priscilla stared at her for a moment and then her gray eyes narrowed. "Well, if you feel that way about it—" she began stiffly.

"That's exactly the way I feel," Hally assured her.



J. Kuller



"Hally, I didn't know you would take it like this. I—"

The bell rang then, and she hurried off without giving Priscilla time to say any more.

She had fixed *that* all right, she congratulated herself, opening her geometry in class. At least she had a little pride left... But when Miss Jessup called on her, Hally's brown eyes were staring moodily out the window and she hadn't the remotest idea which problem she had been asked to do.

It was like that all during the week. Hally was distracted and erratic, but she held her head high and she kept busy. Her mother finally remonstrated at the pace she set herself.

"You've got to cut down, Hally," she warned. "You're out every night. I just won't have those circles under your eyes."

"It'll ease off pretty soon," Hally said lightly. "Right now everything seems to be coming at once."

"And I'm glad of it," she added to herself.

She had lots of friends—more than Priscilla had. But it wasn't the same. Priscilla left a hole in her life that couldn't be filled by anyone else. They had always walked home from school together, and now Hally dreaded the moment of dismissal. Every time the phone rang, her mind leaped instinctively to Pris, before she remembered.

Friday of that long week was Hally's birthday, and in the family tradition her gifts from her parents were waiting for her when she awakened in the morning. There were slick skis from Dad—just the kind she wanted—and a dreamy nylon nightgown from Mother. The other package was unmarked but when Hally saw it was note paper, she smiled a little. That would be from Mother, too. Mom was always urging her to be prompt in replying to letters.

But as she examined the dainty half-sheets, the smile died and her face hardened. There were three different designs in the box. The one on top was a quaint drawing of a luxurious tree with two people sitting beneath it. Across the page, printed in flowing script, were the words, "Friendship is a sheltering tree." The other two, with different illustrations, had the captions: "On the path between the houses of friends grass does not grow," and, "The only way to have a friend is to be one."

It wasn't like Mom to keep reminding her of something she wanted to forget, she thought sullenly, putting the note paper in a bureau drawer, out of sight. But the words rang in her head all day. "Friendship is a sheltering tree... The only way to have a friend is to be one..."

The day was bleak enough without that. Way back in August, she had decided against a birthday party this year. "Kid stuff," she had told her mother airily. "I'd rather spend the money on an extra couple of days at camp." (Continued on page 44)

DEAREST JANIE:

You will remember I wrote you that dear old Aunt Kassie had pneumonia and died a few weeks ago. She was such a brave and independent old lady and so kind and loving to all the Downings. We shall miss her.

You will never guess what has happened now! I can hardly believe it myself. When Aunt Kassie's will was discovered, we found she had left her old house and her rocky old farm on Little Wittle Creek to me. Can you picture me an heiress? A landholder? Honestly, I never dreamed that she would leave me anything at all. It makes me feel like a heel, remembering the times when I was busy and made such a fuss about going with Mother to see her. I wish now I had played the organ and sung her favorite songs for her more often. There were a lot of things I could have done that I didn't do. And now it's too late. It makes me very sad.

Father says the best thing for me to do with the old place is to sell it and put the money in the savings bank. The house is so run down and the barn and fences so dilapidated that he is sure it would cost a fortune to put it in good shape. But it seems to me disloyal somehow to Aunt Kassie for me to sell the house she loved so well. She was born in the old house, you know, and she and all her immediate family are buried in the little graveyard on the place. I have a strong feeling that when she left it to me, she believed I would keep it because I really do love it, too. What do you think?

Dear Janie, please advise me.

Your ever-loving friend,

Pat Downing

Dearest Janie:

Right after I wrote you yesterday, the phone rang. And guess what? It was Doctor McEwen calling me to say he is interested in Aunt Kassie's farm. He loves to fish and Little Wittle is a wonderful stream for fishing and never has been known to run dry. He and his wife live in an apartment, but he said they might consider Aunt Kassie's place for a summer house, if the price was right.

Doctor McEwen is rich and means to stay that way. You know that saying: "The bigger the bank roll, the tighter the rubber band." Anyway, he and his wife want to drive out there with me this afternoon to look the place over.

Father says I should begin by asking nine thousand dollars and if the McEwens refuse to pay that, then I should lower the price, but not to come down to less than seven thousand, five hundred. I am in a swivet. I didn't know it was so agitating to be a property owner. I'll let you know how it all comes out. It makes me dizzy to think of having nine thousand dollars in the bank when I've never had more than nine dollars to my name. On the other hand, as Mother pointed out, they say the new highway is going to run right by the old place, and then it would be worth a lot more.

Father scoffed at that and said they have been talking about building that highway for the past ten years and probably will talk another twenty before they actually do anything. "Pat might as well wait for the return of Halley's comet," he said. "And how is she to pay the taxes and insurance while she waits? I tell you the old place is a white elephant." You know how Father can go on when he gets started.

I'll let you know what the McEwens do. Father will have to dicker on their offer, if he wants it raised. He is a better match for Doctor McEwen than I am.

Your ever-loving friend,

Pat Downing

Dearest Janie:

If you believe in ghosts, please write me posthaste. By the way, thanks a million for the letter I got yesterday. I am glad you agree that it seems disrespectful to Aunt Kassie to sell her birthplace to strangers. I think she thinks so too! Unless I am



Pat Downing-Heiress

*Pat finds that old houses can hold
a charm too strong to be denied*

by FRANCES FITZPATRICK WRIGHT

Illustration by Sylvia Haggander

having hallucinations, she is trying to prevent my selling it. Now please, dear Janie, don't start doubting my sanity. First let me tell you the mysterious thing that happened yesterday. I don't want to confide this to anyone but you, not even Sandy, and you know how fond I am of him.

The McEwens and I drove out to the farm in the afternoon. The sun was shining, and the willows on the banks of Little Wittle were covered with new leaves. Aunt Kassie's yard was full of blooming bridal wreath and burning bush and purple iris. Though unpainted, the old house has a homelike air. I could see that even Mrs. McEwen was favorably impressed.



"What's the matter, Pat?" he said. "You look wild-eyed."

When we got inside, things didn't look so well. Aunt Kassie could never bear to throw away any of her possessions, no matter how worn or ancient they were. There was clutter and dust and cobwebs everywhere. But still Mrs. McE. said the old place had possibilities. She went from room to room. I hated to have her poking her long nose into Aunt Kassie's closet. Mrs. McE. is the Faultless-Housekeeper type, and I could almost hear her thinking that Aunt Kassie had been the exact opposite. Especially I didn't want her to see the attic, which is packed with the accumulation of years. So, while she was in the upstairs north bedroom, I made my way to the narrow back staircase that leads to the attic.

It is so steep, it is almost a ladder, and it goes up from the little dark hallway that separates Aunt Kassie's bedroom from the kitchen. She used it as a closet and aptly called it "the catchall." I closed the attic door behind me and began to straighten out the clutter as best I could. At least I cleared a path so Mrs. McE. could walk through it.

When I was ready to go downstairs, I opened that attic door and a rush of damp, cold, musty air came up the steps. I felt my skin prickle into goose flesh. I looked down and there at the foot of the steps I saw Aunt Kassie! Janie, I am certain I saw her for just an instant, standing there in her old gray chambray dress and sunbonnet. She seemed to waver there for a minute and then she vanished. Honestly, Janie, my breath

seemed to stop in my throat. I could feel my scalp tingle all over. I wanted to run but couldn't move. I don't remember exactly how I got down the stairs, but the next I knew I was in the kitchen.

After a minute or two I heard Mrs. McEwen coming. I got myself in hand and met her at the door. I asked her feebly if she wanted to see the attic, though I knew if she saw Aunt Kassie's ghost, she'd never buy the place. Luckily she said she didn't feel like climbing any more stairs.

We started home soon after. When they didn't make me an offer, I thought they might have decided against buying the place, but today Doctor McEwen called up and told Father he would pay eight thousand, though he thought it was "too steep." Now I am wringing my hands, because Father thinks I should sell at once and I feel certain Aunt Kassie is trying to tell me not to. She was timid and hated meeting strangers. I am sure she would loathe having Mrs. McE. take over her home. So, what to do? I hope no one else ever leaves me an estate.

Your beset-and-upset friend,

Pat Downing

Dearest Janie:

I am a little hurt that you think it was merely an attack of nerves plus my overactive imagination that caused me to think I saw Aunt Kassie. If that is true, then I had another attack yesterday.

(Continued on page 50)

Tyler Dingee, Santa Fe, N. M.



U. S. Indian School boys and girls perform the ancient Buffalo Dance of their tribe at the folk festival in Santa Fe, N. M.

"Turn to the east, Sally, turn to the west!" —many voices join in the Negro children's singing games at the big Florida festival



The Highland Fling gets a big hand at a festival at Fayetteville, N. C.



Folfe

by SARAH GERTRUDE KNOTT
Director, National Folk Festival

SOMETHING NEW is growing on American soil—and hundreds of thousands of boys and girls are getting in on it. It's a fun idea that started like a tiny seed some twenty years ago. Now it has sprouted into a giant that touches almost every city, town, and countryside. The Folk Festival, U.S.A.

Wherever you look today, young people are swinging to the folk dances that were brought here from the British Isles, Scandinavia, Italy, Poland, Mexico, Russia, Israel, the Philippines, and many other lands. Mingling with Old World gaiety are rhythms and tunes and ring games that are native born: those of our Indian tribes, or the work songs and spirituals of our Negroes.

What it means is, we are getting better acquainted, welding our many traditions into a heritage we will have for all time.

Last year four million people attended the thousands of folk festivals, large and small, that were held in every State. Girl Scouts took part in many of them.

THE FLORIDA FESTIVAL

In Florida, where the "big idea" took hold only a year or so ago, the whole State was mobilized for the second All-Florida Folk Festival on the grounds of the Stephen

Start today laying the pl

hand
W. C.



Festivals U.S.A.

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Foster Memorial in White Springs. Early in May, this sleepy little Southern village awoke with a start as eight hundred folk dancers, singers, and tale-tellers arrived for four days of festivities that re-created Florida's colorful history. Their setting was a simple outdoor stage on the banks of the Suwannee River. This territory was once the stamping ground of the Creeks and Seminoles, who held the White Sulphur Springs sacred because of their curative powers. And so, from the Florida Everglades came Billy Osceola, Seminole Indian, with his whole family dressed in colorful tribal costume.

Billy's great-grandfather, the famous warrior Osceola, resisted to his death the attempts of the Government to move the Florida Indians to Oklahoma. But at last most of the Creeks had to make the trek over what they called the "Trail of Tears." This year Fred Beaver of Ardmore, Oklahoma, member of the Creek tribe whose ancestors went over the Trail, came back to the Florida Folk Festival to meet for the first time his kinsmen the Seminoles, who had remained behind. Although a hundred years have passed since their separation, the tribesmen still speak the same language, and could join in the Green-Corn (Continued on page 42)



With a thousand spectators to cheer them, high school dancers of Taos, N. M., do the Mexican and Spanish traditional dances

Young people of Masaryktown, Fla., score a hit with the lively and authentic Beseda at the festival at Florida White Springs



for your own big folk fest!

Remembered Island

by BARBI ARDEN

Illustration by John Fernald

THE STORY SO FAR: Peter Strasser was jealous because Rhoda Brown could not get over the death of their mutual friend, Ken Lee, in Korea. Rhoda was convinced that Ken was really the author of the best seller, "Indigo Afternoons," by Will Nash. She had tried to make Peter see this and help her with the difficult task of proving it. After the death of Ken's mother, his father Jesse had rented his house on Half Moon Island to Will Nash and his wife. Jesse told Rhoda that Will had searched the house from attic to cellar. Alarmed, Rhoda was immediately sure that Will was hunting for any of Ken's writing that might prove Will's theft of Ken's manuscript. But Jesse assured her that there was nothing but Ken's diary and his letters to his mother, which he had safely in his possession and promised to give to Rhoda.

PART FOUR

RHODA LIFTED HER GAZE to the clearing sky. Through the still, rain-washed air came the sound of an ax ringing against wood. Peter was probably cutting wood for the huge fish fry the Strassers were giving tonight. She remembered that she hadn't called Peter's mother to offer help, as she had intended.

She went inside and called the Strasser resort. The voice that answered was Peter's. Rhoda, oddly confused, said, "Oh, hello. I—thought you were out cutting wood for the fish fry tonight."

"I was. And Dad still is. But the fish fry isn't tonight. It's tomorrow night."

"Tomorrow night?" Rhoda felt suddenly very stupid. Would Peter think that she had made the error deliberately as an excuse to call him? "I guess I got mixed up. But, anyhow, may I talk to your mother? I want to offer to help her."

"She's down at the cabins now."

"Oh. Well . . ." What an awkward situation! Her lips formed the first syllable of "Good-by," but what leaped out was: "Peter, I know why Nash is at Half Moon! Not to get atmosphere for another book but to find something connected with the book he claims he wrote, 'Indigo Afternoons.' I'm sure of it!"

"Hold it," Peter cut in. "Party line, you know." He paused as if exploring his next sentence. "How about going dancing with me at Lake Pavilion tonight? You can tell me all about it then."

"All right, Peter," she said. "I'd love to."

The first star shone in the sky as Peter and Rhoda drove off toward the Pavilion. They had not spoken since leaving the house. She clasped and unclasped the catch on her gold evening bag, waiting for Peter to start the conversation. Was he thinking about their quarrel—or just waiting for her to finish what she had started telling him on the phone? The lights of the Pavilion winked at them across the water, reminding her of how soon they would be there.

"Peter," she said at last, "first of all, what do you think of 'Indigo Afternoons' now? You did read it again?"

"Word for word. And now I wonder how I could have missed the fact that Nash couldn't have written it. It's Ken's book from start to finish."

"You don't know how relieved I am to hear you say that, Peter!" She felt her strength and hope doubled now, with Peter on her side. Quickly, as if to strengthen his belief and make it impossible for doubts ever to return, she recounted the whole story of her trip to Half Moon and her visit with Nash.

The diary had been tossed from her hand into the lake!

Peter shook his head wonderingly. "He actually admitted having seen a book that Ken was writing?"

"He seemed to be admitting everything, except that he stole the book."

"Let's park and talk this thing over right now." Peter drove a short distance, then sent the car off the main road onto a turn-off that circled a stone fireplace on Rocky Ridge. He switched off the engine and headlights and turned to her.

"Okay," he said. "We agree that the book must have been stolen. The question is, how and when? If it had been lifted while Ken was at the hospital, when Nash visited there, wouldn't Ken have written someone about it?"

"Unless Ken gave it to Nash. Nash said he had offered to take the manuscript to the States and show it to a publisher."

"But then, why is Nash here at Half Moon? You say he's looking for something . . . something to do with the book." He rubbed his forehead thoughtfully. "What was it Nash said to you about not taking the manuscript to New York with him—the reason why he didn't?"

"It wasn't typed, he said. According to him, he told Ken to beg, borrow, or steal a typewriter and get his messy notes in typewritten shape."

Peter's tongue probed the lining of his cheek and there was a deep line of concentration between his eyebrows. "But Ken had the use of a typewriter all the while he was in the hospital. His letters to me, written from there, were always typed."

Rhoda sat bolt upright. "That's it, Peter! I knew when he mentioned the typewriter that something didn't ring true. We've caught Nash in a lie! That proves . . ."

"It proves Nash lied," Peter cut in. "It doesn't prove he's a thief."

"To me it does," Rhoda said firmly.

They sat in silence for a moment, listening to the wash of faint wind high in the pine boughs. Downshore a frog croaked a question over and over. Ken's wind . . . Ken's waves . . . Ken's old philosopher frog . . . Ken's book . . .

Peter cut through her reflections. "I'm supposing that Ken did type that manuscript. Okay, shouldn't there be a carbon copy? Or maybe it would have been too much trouble to make a carbon—but where are the rough longhand, scribbled pages Ken typed from?"

The import of Peter's reasoning drove into her consciousness like a searchlight illuminating what had been dim and blurred before. "Two copies!" Rhoda exclaimed. "Of course! Nash got hold of one and claimed it was his own. The typewritten version, logically. If the scribbled longhand notes still exist, the real original manuscript, they'd prove beyond a doubt that Ken is the true author of 'Indigo Afternoons!'" Her spirits soared, then plunged. "But we don't know that they still exist. We . . ."

"Don't we?" Peter said. "You told me yourself Nash was hunting for something. Something that he obviously believes is here, not back in Korea. Something that he's worried about enough to



make him stay on in a place his wife hates and that he doesn't seem to like any too well, himself."

A thrill moved down Rhoda's spine as the pieces of the puzzle seemed to fall swiftly into place. "Yes," she breathed. "It means—it must mean—the notes are here, if they're anywhere." She turned, clutching Peter's sleeve. "Do you think we've a chance to find them before Nash does?"

Peter took her hand and held it firmly, reassuringly. "We've got to. It'll be like looking for the old needle in a haystack, but

there's one consolation. If it's tough for us, it's just as tough for Nash." He raised his head. "Listen to that old frog. Maybe he knows the answer."

Rhoda looked somberly out at the lake, the distant silhouette of Half Moon, the increasingly brilliant stars. "I think I know who knows. Only, she can't tell us."

"Ken's mother?"

Rhoda nodded. "If only Ken's letters to his mother will give us a clue—something to work on!" (Continued on page 30)

Pond's



Date with a Dream

The vision is you—eager and lovely—as
you step out to the time of your life!

by GLYNNE

YOU'VE GOT A DATE! And whether it's your first or your thirty-first, it brings a glow of excitement. For a date is part of a dream—and often a prelude to a long spell of fun. So let's not dally—now is the time to get ready. It's early, you say? Well, bend your ear closer and we'll tell you a secret. This "getting ready" is itself part of the fun. The more time you spend in pleasant anticipation, the longer your fun lasts. So give yourself plenty of time.

Your first step is to do a bit of sleuthing. Try to find out ahead of time what the program for the evening is to be. Or, poetically speaking—

Be hep to the plan
Whenever you can!

To get all decked out in your best finery and land up in the school gymnasium

watching a night game is apt to throw you off balance. It can be equally unnerving to find yourself bowling, with a frou-frou petticoat beneath your skirt that swishes with your every move. Suppose, however, that despite all your tactful inquiries he has given you a reply like, "Gee, I don't know where we'll go. Whatever you want to do—" Then push no further—the poor lad doesn't know. You'll help him decide later.

It is better to underdress than to overdress for up-in-the-air dates like these. An informal outfit—a classic sports dress, a suit, or a pretty blouse and skirt—will take you successfully on the average social rounds. It can take you on a movie date, a bowling evening, a soda-pop session, a get-together with the gang—in fact, almost anywhere except to a party or a

dance. Dressed casually, you'll feel more "at home" with yourself—and him. A word about blue jeans and plaid shirts: they're not date dress, except for picnics, hikes, or cycling trips.

If you know he's coming at half past two on the button to whisk you off to the Saturday afternoon football game—lucky you. Preparations are tiddlywinks. At least one day ahead, trot over to the closet and check your clothes. That heavenly sweater you got for your birthday is a natural with your wool plaid skirt, and there was never a better time to wear it. A simple string of pearls adds a classical touch. As to those high-heel, suède pumps—no, a thousand times! Back into the closet they go. You may look like Cinderella at the ball in them, but visualize yourself climbing up grandstand or bleacher steps, and stumbling over stones and gravel. Be wise; pull out your flats. Loafers, saddle shoes, or any comfortable walking shoes are the thing. Are they in good repair? Worn-down heels and tired toes kill the smoothest ensemble. Now's the time to clean them, too! Don't wait until Saturday!

Plan on your accessories. And here color comes into the picture. For life outdoors is richer, more dramatic, in the presence of color. An English psychologist once broke down color reactions. He found that red created excitement; orange, a warm and joyous quality; yellow was stirring; blue, cool and peaceful. Green inspired rest and calm, while violet shades produced a melancholy sensation. Think about these effects. Select colors and color combinations which not only harmonize with your skin tone but which also reflect your personality. Then lay out your gloves, scarf, socks, and woolly headgear—so you'll be snug and saucy the whole afternoon.

On the big day, wait until about noon-time to have a warm shower. Follow with a cool chaser to pep you up. Splash on a handful of your favorite toilet water. Now give your hair a brisk two hundred strokes with a firm-bristled brush, after which it will be time to get into your togs. After lunch you can add the final fillip—clear red lipstick and a flick of powder. On this kind of date the extra glamour is provided by the sparkle in your eye, the freshness of your skin, and your own bubbling enthusiasm. See to it that you get ample sleep (we call eight hours the minimum) the night before.

Incidentally, it is no longer considered "cute" to keep a date waiting. He'll be both delighted (*Continued on page 52*)

She's a G.S.E.— and loves It!

Drawing by
Seymour Nydorf

*How would you like to be
the fun-starter for Scouting?*

by PAT CAVANAUGH

I'M A G.S.E.—I have more fun than anybody!

"Goodness, what's a G.S.E.?" we asked. We were sitting in the Girl Scout office—a sunny front room of the Women's Club in a small town in northern New Jersey. Jane, the girl across the desk, looked almost young enough to be a teen-ager. But she couldn't be, we were certain of that. She was—

"Why, you know. A G.S.E. is a Girl Scout executive," she finished off our thought with a chuckle. Her dark-brown eyes were full of merriment. Her personality was one that exuded glamour and excitement: you might say, the fun of living. An executive? We couldn't help wondering about that.

"What does a Girl Scout executive do, anyhow?" we asked.

She laughed at the query. "What? Why, just about everything!"

"Come now, tell us some more!"

"Well, I suppose you could call her the starter button! It isn't what she does, so much as all the wonderful things she sets in motion."

"Such as what?"

"Hikes, canoe trips, camping in the woods, dances, just plain talk fests—everything that's fun!"

"Where do you come in on all that?"

"Well, that's quite a story. You see, first of all you have a group of youngsters who get together with their troop leader to

plan the exciting things they'd like to do. She doesn't run them—they run themselves, really—but just knowing how to help young people run themselves is quite an art."

"I suppose it is."

A lot of women volunteer to be troop leaders, but first they have to learn how—and they find that exciting!"

"Who teaches them how?"

Jane didn't answer. She just looked at us and winked.

"So that's you!"

"That's where I make my entrance. Not my exit, though! There's a score of other things. This Girl Scout council I'm attached to covers a whole big county, with ever so many troops and leaders, and adults helping to make the summer and winter activities successful. It all has to be drawn

(Continued on page 46)



The Girl Scout executive is a dynamic person who helps set in motion all the thrilling activities of the girls in her council area—from camping, hiking, and outdoor cookery, to dancing, puppetry, courses in child care for baby sitters, hospital aide, other service activities

Apple Time!

by JUDITH MILLER

Photo by The Apple Kitchen



Gouda Apples are fun to make, pretty to serve, good to eat

Washington State Apple Commission photos



A rice ring filled with Savory Apple Meat Balls is a perfect entree for family dinner or party buffet



This flavorful Applesauce Candy is easy to make—a taste treat for sweets tray or gift box



Halloween callers will love "dumbbells" that combine two favorites—popcorn balls and candy apples

IT'S APPLE TIME AGAIN! The many fine varieties from which we may choose for the fruit bowl, for pies and cobblers, for appetizers, for lunch boxes and snacks, would surely gladden the heart of Johnny Appleseed himself.

Remember Johnny Appleseed? His name was really John Chapman, and his dream, in pioneering days, was to plant an apple orchard near every settler's lonely cabin in the territory through which he roamed.

guests with a taste-tempting, delicious:

GOUDA APPLE

Pare the red coating from a Gouda cheese; then cut the cheese into half-inch wedges. Cut cored, unpeeled red apples into eighths to make wedges and dip in lemon juice. Alternate cheese and apple wedges to form a ball resembling an apple, as in the illustration. Garnish with water cress or other greens; radishes, olives, or small stuffed prunes. Serve with your favorite crackers.

"When the apples are ripe," he said, "they will be picked and mothers of families will boil them into apple butter or dry them on strings for applesauce. Some apples that fall to the ground will go to the cider mill. But the best apples will be stored away from the frost and on winter evenings the families will eat them and the children will be strong and healthy, because the apple is the finest fruit of all."

To Johnny Appleseed's list we have added ways of using apples of which he never dreamed.

For a novel appetizer, or light dessert, surprise family or

Sharilyn Kay Hooste of Peoria, Illinois, likes to add variety to a breakfast menu with apples. Her recipe is easy, and makes a delicious breakfast treat. You will like the apples with tiny sausages, too.

SAUTEED APPLES WITH BACON

8 slices bacon
6 red apples
3 tablespoons sugar (white or brown)
Parsley

Place bacon in a cold skillet and cook slowly until brown and crisp, pouring off fat as the bacon cooks. Drain bacon on rack or absorbent paper, and keep hot.

Core apples and cut into 4 slices or into eighths. Add the apple sections to 2 tablespoons of hot bacon fat in the skillet. Sprinkle with sugar. Cover and cook slowly until apples are tender. Remove cover and turn apples to brown on both sides. Remove to hot platter and surround with bacon. Garnish with parsley and serve at once. Serves 4. This makes an excellent luncheon dish, too.

From faraway Caracas, Venezuela, Elizabeth E. Mehler has sent a recipe for muffins that you will enjoy for breakfast, luncheon, or supper. This recipe, too, gives us a chance to tell you about our favorite way with muffins. We like to layer the fruit in the center of each muffin, (Continued on page 36)



Terrific together, but each with a plus personality of its own. Consider the jacket—brief, concise, a pretty partner for any dress, in Reeves' twill-back velveteen. The standout dress—sleeveless, scoop-necked, a bouffant skirt. Fuller Fabrics cotton print; orange and gold with black jacket; blue and gold with gold jacket; 8-14 subteen by La Crosse, about \$13. Stores on page 63

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JERRY TIFFANY
JEWELS BY TRIFARI; BAG BY BELMO

Folk-Dance Fashions

Swing out—the mood is festive, the dresses party-perfect . . . The fabric, that wonderful, tubbable, no-iron Magic Perma-Pleat cotton by Crown . . . The inspiration, the American Girl Polka designed by Arthur Murray especially for you. Stores on page 63

Left: Do-si-do and 'round you go in this two-piece charmer by Glen of Michigan. The skirt takes a whirl aided by color-edged ruffle and attached cummerbund. The top news, a scoop-neck blouse. Light and navy blue; eggshell and walnut; pink and charcoal; 8-14 subteen. About \$13

Center: Velvet bows and posy sprigs for the young at heart, by Semiteen. Focal points: a ruffle collar, here 'n' there flashed with rhinestones; skirt with ruffle-effect border. The practical issue: an elasticized waistline. Gray, teal, or rose grounds; 8-14 subteen. About \$9

Right: Shaped for a pretty pirouette by R. A. R. The neckline hits a new note—square, cuffed, and velvet-defined; leads to tiny elasticized sleeves. The pouff-skirt billows above color-edged nylon petticoat; wide contour belt. Red, navy, or turquoise; 8-14 subteen. About \$11



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JERRY TIFFANY
JEWELS BY TRIFARI
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JOHN FREDERICKS HATS, DISTRIBUTED BY BETTY ANN
GLOVES BY HANSEN; JEWELRY BY TRIFARI

It's a Date!

From the male point of view — two of the prettiest ways to look at dressup time. Streamlined or curved, two-piece or one — take your pick from fashion's newest. Stores on page 63

Left: Love at first sight of this two-piece dress by Derby. The princess skirt, riding high in pink or blue rayon-bengaline; about \$6. The dolman blouse, neck-high in a complementary print; wrinkle-resistant cotton fabric; about \$4. Both sizes 8-16 teen

Right: Sweet and lovely, the girl in the Shirley Lee dress. The fabric, a whisper of striped rayon-taffeta shaped with subtlety from slim bodice to pleated skirt. White piqué and black velveteen accents on mauve, teal, or gray; 7-15 for teens. About \$15



Here is your own department in the magazine. Send us your best original short stories, poems, nonfiction, photographs, and drawings. See page 64 for details

FLICKER

First Poetry Award

*Sometimes I catch
A fragrance.
A breezy sunny day—a laugh—a song
A hurt.
The scent of times gone by....*

*A word—a step—
Awakes a lingering memory
A flicker only, it brushes the heart
And goes.
But an ache remains....
The infinite sadness
Of that
Forgotten.*

SHERROW DE VAUGHAN (age 14) Statesville, N.C.

RIDING IN THE RAIN

First Nonfiction Award

I love the rain. I love it when it pours down from a purple sky and makes the ground all slushy under my feet. I love the thunder crashing over my head and the lightning flashing, like fire from a dragon's mouth.

I love it before it rains. The day has been hot and still. You thought sure you'd suffocate with the heat.



FIRST PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD: DOROTHY EILERS

(age 12), San Luis Obispo, California

THE AMERICAN GIRL

But now it's different. There's a cool breeze blowing toward you. The smell of rain is in the air, and all the world is waiting for it to start.

I once went riding on such a day. The thunder was still a grumble in the distance and the lightning had not yet begun.

My mother said it was going to rain and I'd surely catch a cold. I put on my jacket. My brother said I was nuts to go out in this weather. I put on my boots. My father said, "You're going to get all wet," as I passed him on my way to the barn.

My little horse nickered inquiringly when I stepped into her stall. She looked puzzled when I brought the saddle, and she nuzzled me when I fastened the girth as if to say, "Can't you smell the rain?"

We had gone about a mile when the thunder

FIRST ART AWARD:

ARLENE HUCK (age 16)
Ste Genevieve, Missouri



began to grow louder; about two miles when the lightning started flashing its warning in earnest. We turned home.

And then the rains came down. First only a spatter as if to test our courage. My horse walked. Then the drops came down larger and with more frequency. My horse trotted.

Now the rain came down in torrents. It was pouring down, and into my boots. The grass made swishy, squishy noises under the horse's hoofs. We made a headlong dash up the driveway.

Home at last! I fed my little mare and



PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD: MARY TRIEST

(age 10) Los Angeles, California

patted her on the shoulder. She was soaked!

My skin was blue where my denim jeans had faded, and it took three days to dry out the saddle blanket. But then, I love the rain.

CANDACE OLESON (age 16)
Madelia, Minn.

THE SCARF

First Fiction Award

Fear tensed Celia's muscles, clutched at her throat, almost choking the very breath from her. She turned to look into the back seat of the speeding car where her friends, Joan Lester and David Connors, sat. To her bewilderment, they were smiling as they breathed in the air rushing past. Celia looked at Joan, so pretty and refined and

sweet. How can she actually enjoy this, Celia thought. This... flirting with death! She ached all over; she also wished she were at home in bed.

Shifting her gaze to the driver, Celia felt her heart leap, in spite of her efforts to keep it from doing just that. Oh, Bud, Bud, she cried to him silently. Please stop! Celia knew of his great ability in managing a car; cars were his passion. He loved to tinker with their motors and to make them run, just as he loved to go speeding through the night as he now was. The dashlights shone on his face, and to Celia Bud

(Continued on page 59)

Winners All!

Each pattern 30¢



9070: For school or party wear, this jumper and blouse are a fashion-right team. The wide yoke of the jumper and the blouse's demure, flattering collar are particularly smart. Sizes 11-17. In 39" fabric, size 13 takes $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards for the jumper, and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards for the blouse

9109: Everyone needs an apron—for everyday chores or pretty, party-frock protection. This one, with nonslip straps, is easy to sew and can be made in a variety of fabrics: printed cotton, as shown, to sheer organdy. Sizes 14-18. Size 14 needs $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 35" material

9367: A trio for sizes 10-16 that has many mix-and-match possibilities. You might use Reeves corduroy for skirt and weskit, as in the sketch; for the blouse, cotton or jersey, set off with a crisp bow. Weskit and skirt in size 12 take 4 yards 39" fabric; blouse, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards

9178: For that always-useful extra skirt, choose this pattern, which requires only 1 yard of 54" material for any of the given sizes. The lines are cleverly simple, with effectively placed side pleats to give a graceful swing. Waist sizes 24, 25, 26, 28, 30.

These patterns may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering, be sure to enclose the correct amount for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay the postage. There is a clipout order blank on page 58

Drawings by Helene Ferguson

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and what
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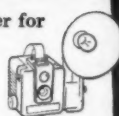
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Remembered Island

(Continued from page 19)

From the direction of the Pavilion came the faint strains of dance music. Peter said, "We'd better get moving. We've some dancing to do tonight." He turned the ignition key. "Just one more thing. Steer clear of Nash when you go over after those letters and the diary. I wish I could go with you, but with the fish fry coming up . . ."

"I'll be careful, don't worry." She shivered. "Cold?"

"No. Just thinking. It's nothing. Let's go."

But he switched off the ignition again.

"Give, Rhoda."

"It's nothing," she protested. "Just for a moment, it felt strange to be back here on Rocky Ridge."

"Because the last time you were here, you were with Ken?"

She tried to restrain herself, knowing that they were leaping back to the same words and hurts they had exchanged only a few hours before. "Why shouldn't I think of Ken? Is that wrong?"

Peter said softly, "I don't know whether it's wrong or right. The only thing is, does it make you happy? It doesn't seem to. Shouldn't it? When I think of Ken, I think of the fun we had."

"Then we're different, that's all."

He faced her. "I don't know about that. I don't think we're as different as you think we are." He let his breath out slowly. "Gee, I don't know, Rhoda. I just wish we could be—well, natural. It seems like—as if you're carrying a torch for a ghost."

"I don't know either, Peter," she confessed. "Only, let's not quarrel about anything. You've been so nice tonight, and all the rest of the time too."

"I've tried to be. I've tried to be very, very nice. I've done everything I could think of to make you notice me." He moved one arm across the back of the seat. "It's a strange, uncomfortable feeling to be looked through, as if you weren't really around at all!" His voice was light, but she could see that his face was serious.

"Oh, Peter, really . . ."

"You know, when a fellow takes a girl out like this, with stars shining and a moon and everything . . ."

He leaned closer and she knew that he wanted to kiss her. She knew, too, that she could quite easily turn away, but she did not want to turn away.

She lifted her face and he kissed her—one brief, gentle kiss, their hands clasped. They sat silent, facing each other.

"Well," he said, "I guess we'd better go."

She nodded and was relieved to hear the motor roar into life. At the moment that she had let him kiss her it had seemed the right thing to do. Now she was not sure. She had meant it to be just an expression of affection and appreciation. But would it stay that simple?

As they drove in silence to the Pavilion she thought, over and over, that she shouldn't have allowed that kiss. Now he would think that she had kissed him because—well, what would he think? What was he thinking now?

"Here we are," he said at last.

Rhoda waited for him to open the car door, her eyes on the brightly lighted building. "I feel that I could dance all night," she said.

Peter said, as he helped her out, "It would be swell if you really did feel that way."

The sunlight created great diamonds on the lake the next day as Rhoda rowed the old scow homeward from Half Moon, Ken's diary and his letters safely on her lap. As she reflected on her visit to Jesse's shack, it seemed miraculous that she was here, safe, the keepsakes in her possession. For Nash, himself, had walked into the shack just as Jesse had handed the precious papers over to her. There had been swift, dark suspicion in Nash's eyes and he had darted to her side to peer at the diary over her shoulder before she snapped it shut. But he had not dared to make any violent move to get the diary and the letters for himself, with old Jesse right there to watch.

She had had only a brief glimpse into the diary before she realized that Nash was stealthily looking over her shoulder, but she had seen the lines of a poem that left her brain reeling. The lines repeated themselves now in her mind as she rowed swiftly homeward: *Snow can bring the thorn an icy blossom, And ease with silver the December bough, Restrain the fern and the inquiring crocus . . .* They were identical with beginning lines of the verse printed at the head of one of the chapters of "Indigo Afternoons"! She looked down at the worn diary, realizing how incriminating the evidence was. Nash had seen the lines too, she was certain. He must feel desperate, knowing that the diary was in her possession.

Her arms ached from rowing at top speed. She wouldn't feel really safe until she was home. She would go at once to find Peter and they could read the diary and the letters over together.

Silence hung over the lake. Faintly, in the distance, was a droning noise like the hum of a bee on a hot summer afternoon. But it was not a bee. It was a boat's engine, and the drone was growing louder by the minute. Suddenly, it was very close. Too close—a loud, throbbing snarl.

She jerked around, apprehension clutching her. A yellow speedboat was making a straight, driving course in her direction. Releasing one oar, she cupped her hand over her eyes, staring. Nash was at the wheel! But the boat seemed to be driving him instead of he it. Was it out of control?

She gasped. It was coming straight for her. One hand froze around the diary. "Look out!" she screamed. She had a brief glimpse of Nash's strangely fixed stare and grimacing face. There was a jar, a cracking sound. The impact sent her pitching forward to her knees in a sheet of blinding spray. Coughing, she lifted her head and crawled back on the rocking seat, reaching for the dancing oars.

On the floor of the scow lay the bundle of letters, sloshed with water. Where was the diary? It had lain in her lap and she had instinctively clutched it with her free hand. Her hand was empty! The boat was empty! Sick disbelief washed over her. The diary had been tossed from her hand into the lake!

Dazed, she stared at the water and then at the scow. Aside from a big splinter on one side, it appeared unharmed. Mechanically, she started to row. The speedboat was coming back toward her. A fresh scream gathered in her throat before she saw that Nash had cut his speed and was coming slowly, almost drifting.

"Did I—did my boat ram yours?" he asked as he came alongside. "I must have blacked out." His hand went to his chest, clutching the region of his heart.

THE AMERICAN GIRL

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She stared at him, incredulous. Anger swept through her. Did he think he could deceive her? He had deliberately tried to run her down. "With a heart like yours, Mr. Nash, maybe you'd better stay out of boats entirely!" She added in helpless despair, "You made me lose Ken's diary!"

He called out something, but she did not hear, for she was too busy rowing away as swiftly as her weary muscles could take her. Her temples throbbed and her anger turned against herself. The last thing she should have done was to let him know about the diary! Her words must have been music to his ears.

She did not look up, but she knew he was watching her and a chill crept along her back. She headed for Strasser's dock. She must find Peter. The dock seemed deserted. Everyone must be busy at the rear of the lodge, preparing for the fish fry.

Her legs wobbled under her as she pulled herself up on the dock and started toward shore.

"Hi!" a voice said.

She spun, startled, before she saw that it was Peter who had bobbed up out of nowhere. He had on only a pair of denim shorts; his legs were wet to the thighs.

He gestured with the hammer in his hands. "I've been madly pounding on some dock repairs. Lucky I heard you tripping along above me." He stopped, frowning. "Rhoda—what's wrong?" He stepped toward her, catching her as she swayed. "Here," he said, "sit down."

She sat down, leaning against him, feeling safe in the strong crook of his arm, while she stammered out the story. When she was through, Peter stared toward Half Moon, his jaw set. "No more boat trips alone, Rhoda. Promise."

She nodded, her eyes miserable. "But that won't get the diary back. Oh, Peter, is there any possible way—any hope? It's our only proof!"

Peter looked doubtfully toward the featureless lake. "Deep out there. I don't know." He considered, then got up. "Well, we can try. I'll go get some diving gear and then start diving."

"Not now! He'd see. He might come back—he might ram into us again and not even try to make it look accidental."

"I can't dive for it at night."

"Couldn't we try very early in the morning?"

"Well—okay. Tomorrow, at dawn." He looked at her. "What about the letters? Won't Nash want to get those too? Maybe there is even more incriminating material in those."

She saw by the look in his eyes that he considered recovery of the diary almost hopeless and was trying to build her hopes up over the letters. She lifted the damp bundle. "I don't want to read them here, Peter. I feel so exposed—as if Nash were looking over my shoulder, or might suddenly jump out of the brush."

"I think you should read them by yourself, the first time, anyhow," Peter said. He took her elbow. "I'll see you safely home. You've had a day."

"Oh, Peter, you're so..." She looked up at him, seeing the strong neck rising from his broad, tan shoulders; his kind blue eyes, the firm lines of his face. "So different from Ken. And yet so... so awfully nice," she finished.

(To be continued)



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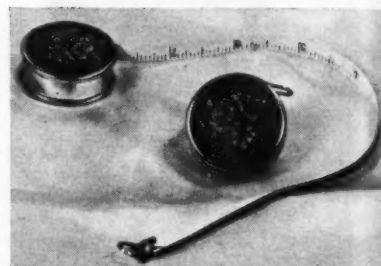
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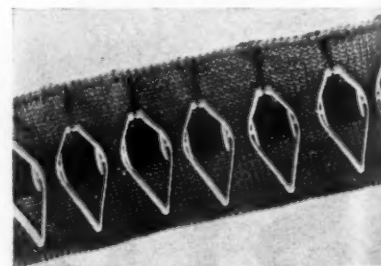
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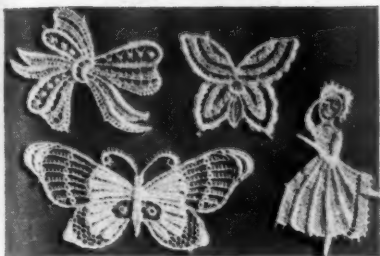
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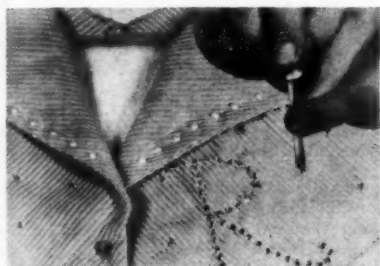
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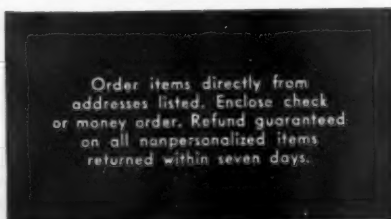
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We're all asparkle 'n' glow since we found this jeweler. Made of polished brass, it takes only a slight tap and jewel is firmly pronged into fabric. (Quick as a wink our plain-Jane blouse turned into a boutique-belle.) Includes three dozen rhinestones and two dozen simulated half pearls; \$1.98, Dewberry's, Dept. AG, 1714 West Farwell Ave., Chicago



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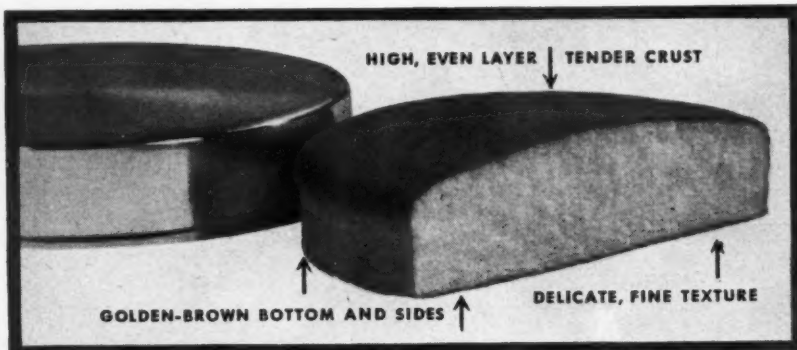
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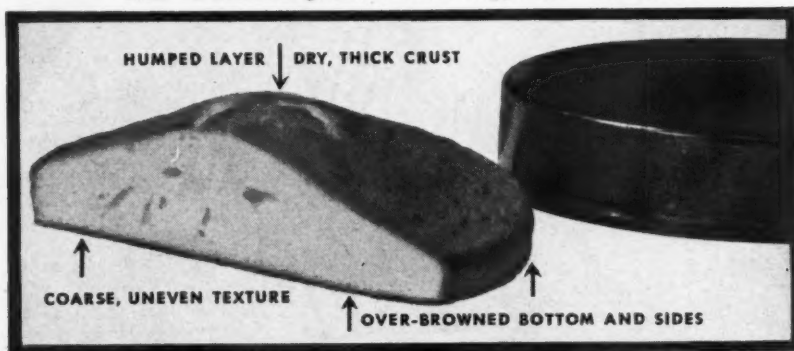
To bake a better cake you need a shiny pan

Even if you use a fool-proof recipe, the finest ingredients, a good oven—you can't bake a perfect cake without a shiny pan. Pans that shine on the outside reflect heat, allow cake layers to rise evenly, brown evenly.

Pans that are dark and dingy, discolored on the outside from improper care, hold oven heat, make layers bake too fast. So remember—to bake a better cake—shine your cake pans—both *outside* and *inside*—with S.O.S.



Pan shined with S.O.S. baked perfect layer—high, light, even—a beautiful golden-brown on top, bottom and sides.



Darkened pan, discolored on the outside, baked failure—a heavy, humped layer—much too brown on bottom and sides.

Shine your cake pans with S.O.S.



IMPORTANT: be sure to shine the outside of the pan, as well as the inside

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Apple Time!

(Continued from page 22)

so that they are rich with the juicy fruit.

SUGARY APPLE MUFFINS

1½ cups sifted flour 4 medium apples
½ cup sugar 2 tablespoons sugar
2 teaspoons baking powder ¼ cup soft butter or margarine
½ teaspoon salt 1 egg, beaten
½ teaspoon cinnamon ¾ cup milk
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
Grease 12 muffin tins with an unsalted shortening.

Sift flour, measure, and sift again into mixing bowl with ½ cup sugar, baking powder, and seasonings. Core and peel apples. Chop fine. Add 2 tablespoons sugar and mix well. Set aside. Add shortening, egg, and milk to dry ingredients and stir just until ingredients are blended. Put 2 tablespoons of batter into each muffin tin. Add apple mixture to each muffin until all is used. Cover with remaining batter. Bake in hot oven (400°) 20 to 25 minutes, or until done.

When you are in the mood to do something special, add:

Nut Crunch Topping:

¼ cup brown sugar ¼ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ cup finely chopped nuts Dash of nutmeg
Mix ingredients thoroughly and sprinkle over muffins just before baking.

For an easy luncheon or dinner entrée that is sure to bring demands for second helpings, Janet Wessendorf of Storm Lake, Iowa, has sent a variation of Swedish meat balls to be baked in the oven. Bake potatoes at the same time, to serve with the meat balls and a mixed-greens or grated-cabbage salad. Or serve in a rice ring.

SAVORY APPLE MEAT BALLS

¾ pound finely ground beef 2 tablespoons grated onion
¼ pound ground pork 1 teaspoon salt
½ cup soft bread crumbs Dash of pepper
1 egg, beaten Fat for frying
½ cup unsweetened applesauce 1 can condensed mushroom or tomato soup
¼ cup water

Combine meats, bread crumbs, egg, applesauce, onion, salt, and pepper. Form into 2" balls. Brown in shallow, hot fat in skillet. Remove from fat, drain, and place in baking dish. Combine soup and water and pour over meat balls. Cover and bake in moderate oven (350°) 1 hour. Remove cover and continue baking 30 minutes. Makes 4 servings.

"Everyone who has tasted my apple-nut bread says that it is delicious," writes Maryanne Ricker of Appleton, Wisconsin. "It is also quite simple to make."

APPLE-NUT BREAD

2 cups flour ½ cup butter or margarine
1 teaspoon baking powder 2 eggs, beaten
½ teaspoon salt 3 tablespoons sour milk or buttermilk
¼ cup sugar 1 cup chopped apple
½ cup chopped nuts

Sift flour, measure, and sift again with baking powder, salt and soda. Cream sugar and shortening, add eggs, and beat until smooth. Stir in milk and apple. Add sifted dry ingredients and nuts and mix thoroughly. Pour into greased 9" x 5" x 3" loaf pan. Bake in moderate oven (350°) 55 minutes.

From Lana Rocovitz of Canton, Ohio, comes a recipe for apple cookies. These chewy cookies store well, Lana says, and she

OCTOBER, 1954



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lady
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Transform baked apple and other ordinary desserts into "party" treats. Grand as a layer cake filling. Children love it on graham crackers, browned in the oven. The ideal ingredient for more exciting desserts. Write for FREE "Yummy Book" of desserts, illustrated in color, Durkee-Mower, Inc., Dept. A10, Lynn, Mass.



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THE AMERICAN GIRL

likes to have them on hand for company.

APPLE ROCK COOKIES

2 cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon salt
¾ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup seedless raisins
½ cup chopped nuts
¾ cup soft butter or
margarine
1 cup firmly packed
brown sugar
1 egg, beaten
½ cup applesauce

Sift flour, measure, and sift again with soda, salt, and seasonings. Cream shortening and sugar. Add egg and beat until smooth. Stir in applesauce and blend. Add dry ingredients, raisins, and nuts. Mix thoroughly. Drop by teaspoonfuls on greased cookie sheet. Bake in moderate oven (375°) 10 to 12 minutes. Makes about 4 dozen cookies.

Rosemary Komorowski sends a family favorite from Yonkers, New York.

APPLE REFRIGERATOR ROLL

1 cup cream
½ cup apple butter or
thick applesauce
30 vanilla wafers
½ cup chopped nuts

Whip cream until stiff. Fold in apple butter or applesauce gradually. On an oblong tray or platter, spread a wafer with cream-apple mixture. Add another wafer, spread with cream-apple mixture and continue alternating wafers and mixture until all wafers are used.

You will now have a long roll. Cover top and sides of this with the remaining cream and sprinkle with nuts. Chill in refrigerator about 3 hours. Cut in diagonal slices to serve.

A recipe for a candy that adds color and distinction to a tray of sweets comes from Paula Kabel of Buffalo, New York.

APPLESAUCE CANDY

1 package fruit-flavored
gelatin
1 cup hot, strained,
sweetened applesauce
1 cup sugar
¾ cup chopped nuts
Confectioners' sugar

Place gelatin and applesauce in saucepan. Add sugar and stir over low heat until dissolved. Remove from heat and add nuts. Turn into greased 10" x 5" x 3" pan. Chill. When firm, cut into 1" cubes and roll in confectioners' sugar. Let stand on wax paper overnight, at room temperature, to dry. Then roll again in confectioners' sugar. Store in two layers, between wax paper, in a covered container.

Halloween wouldn't be Halloween without apples. For a witches'-night party, your guests will enjoy making, as well as eating, their own candy apples. Donna Forell of Agra, Kansas, says she is sure other AMERICAN GIRL readers will like her favorite recipe.

CANDY-COATED APPLES

4 medium apples
4 wooden skewers
1 pound caramels
2 tablespoons water

Wash and dry apples thoroughly. Insert skewers into stem ends. Put caramels and water in top of double boiler over boiling water. As caramels melt, stir until smooth.

Dip apples one at a time into the caramel syrup, twirling until surface is completely coated. Place upright on wax paper in refrigerator until coating is firm.

For a wonderful flavor combination, try the dumbbell apples pictured on page 22. Simply make popcorn balls according to your own recipe, and mold the balls around the skewer ends after the apple coating has hardened. Make firm balls, but use as little pressure as possible.

THE END

When homework's
got you down...



That's the time to



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AG-10/54



SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA: Your August issue was one of the best yet. *La Paloma* and *Three Girls in a Boat* were good and so were all the articles and stories except *Long Live the King*. It seemed kind of boring. I thought the Prize Purchase dress was ugly, too. The *By You* section was wonderful this time; my favorite stories were "The Judgment" by Laura Zuckerman and "Stick with It" by Emily Duke. I hope there are some more short stories as good as those two.

RUTH LONG (age 13)

WORTHINGTON, OHIO: You have published stories about girls and the water, how about girls in the air? I certainly would enjoy reading something along this line as I am a member of a Girl Scout Wing troop. We are a newly organized troop as of last May and are the only ones of our kind around this area. We have a Mariner troop in our town, and we would like to show them and other people that there is just as much to do in the air as there is on the water or land.

I enjoy reading *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. It is marvelous that girls in other countries may receive your magazine, and it's so nice to read those swell letters from them.

NANCY C. LEE (age 15)

RIOM, FRANCE: Two years ago I went to visit my aunt and uncle who live near Cincinnati, Ohio, and there, as I belonged to a Girl Guide troop, I subscribed to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. Then I came back home and my subscription expired. But my aunt, who knows how much I love such a magazine, entered for me a subscription for two years. Let me tell you how glad I am, it was a real good surprise!!! I love everything in that magazine, but what I liked best was *Cargo for Jennifer*. I read *A Penny for Your Thoughts* and in two years I saw a lot of Japanese, Australian, Canadian letters—but only one French, so I'll be the second. Every month as I receive my magazine, I bring it to school and every girl enjoys herself in looking at it. What is the least read is the *Recipe Exchange* because we prefer French cooking. Let me thank you for that wonderful magazine.

MONIQUE FREUNDLIEB (age 17)

McKEESPORT, PENNSYLVANIA: I enjoy your beauty tips and *All Over the Map* is very good and very helpful. The story *The Candy Prison* was wonderful and had a marvelous ending.

I am a Girl Scout of Troop 172 and last spring I became a Curved Bar Scout.

Thank you and congratulations.

BEVERLY ANN SHAFFER (age 13)

BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS: Betty Cavanna is my favorite author, and I loved *Long Live the King*, and I'm looking forward to *Honey Goes to School*. I liked working the Fashion I.Q. tests, but could we have some more fashion do's and don'ts?

I intend to make nursing my career so

please publish something about nursing.
PATRICIA HOWE (age 12)

McDONALD, PENNSYLVANIA: I thought the article called *Care and Feeding of Sweaters* was especially helpful. I am going to start to send this magazine to my pen pal in Africa, and I hope she enjoys it as I do.

DARLENE CUMMINS (age 16)

APPLETON, NEW YORK: I especially enjoyed reading *The Candy Prison*. Jokes could be improved upon; *By You* made a bit more original; but outside of that *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is very interesting. I've one suggestion which I think many others would go along with: how about a sort of editorial in each of your issues? Lots of adults don't think that we teen-agers care at all about what's going on in the world, but this is hardly the case. I'm sure that many other readers would agree with me, and perhaps they could let you know how they feel.

ROSE ANN PARKER (age 15)

ATTENTION FOLK DANCERS!

Get your very own copy of instructions for the American Girl Polka which was especially designed for our readers by Arthur Murray.

Here's how—Send your request to:

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THE AMERICAN GIRL MAGAZINE
155 East 44th Street
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Please be sure to include a stamped, #10-size envelope (4 1/8" x 9 1/2") with your name and address clearly written on it.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS: I especially liked *Long Live the King* by Betty Cavanna, since my name is Diane and I have a collie named Honey. I have read most of Betty Cavanna's books and I enjoyed all of them. I am already looking forward to *Honey Goes to School*.

I enjoy every page of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, but the serials, fiction stories, and *By You* are my favorites. I have sent several articles to *By You*, but none has been published. I love to write, so I haven't given up hope yet.

DIANE BENHAM (age 13)

RIDGEWOOD, NEW JERSEY: With your new serial *Remembered Island* out, *THE AMERICAN GIRL* can't come fast enough to our house. I read the magazine at least three times, I enjoy it so much. My sister reads it too, so between us both it gets a pretty good workout.

I liked your article *Water Sprite* very much as I have always wondered what it would be

like to know one of the people your articles describe. Carin is a schoolmate of mine.

JOAN SPURLING (age 14)

HOBBS, NEW MEXICO: It seems that in the teen years there are many problems to be faced. Problems about a career, popularity, friendships, and many others. *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is one magazine which I am confident is helping American girls solve their problems and mature into wise adults.

I thoroughly enjoy all of your stories and articles. *Remembered Island* is wonderful! I am very much interested in writing and *Remembered Island* is the type I like to write and read.

Could you please have more articles on careers and hobbies? I think that many readers would enjoy them.

JANET VAUGHAN (age 13)

ABILENE, TEXAS: *Long Live the King* was just super. It made me sad though, because I have two collie dogs and if anything ever happened to either one of them, I would feel even worse than Diane. Sometimes (in the winter) my oldest collie snuggles up alongside of me at night in bed, and Mother says she can't tell the difference between us. Believe it or not, this collie has rheumatism! She hurt her leg jumping over the fence when she was a puppy. In the winter, Daddy sits on the floor for hours at a time holding the heating pad around her leg.

I didn't care for *La Paloma*. In one of my musicbooks there is a song called "La Paloma." Is there any connection?

Beauty Baggage was swell. So was *Care and Feeding of Sweaters*. I love *By You* and *A Penny for Your Thoughts*.

ANITA APPLE (age 11)

ALDEN, NEW YORK: I think your new serial *Remembered Island* is terrific, and I can't wait until next month's magazine comes. *Long Live the King* and *The Candy Prison* were wonderful. Another reason I like your magazine so much is because I like to collect stamps, and I get some of my very best ones through your magazine.

MARY ANN STANGL (age 16)

MARYLAND PARK, MARYLAND: I think that *By You* is one of the best parts of the magazine, and I am anxious to contribute to it. My mother is as interested in the fashions as I am. I think that your party ideas and beauty hints are quite a help.

CAROL ANNE WILKINSON (age 12)

EL CAMPO, TEXAS: The kids here were just crazy about that squaw dress in the August issue. I surely did enjoy the story *La Paloma*. It makes you respect the Mexican people more. Thanks for a super-swell magazine.

MAUREEN ALLEN (age 13)

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA: Was I in luck when in modeling class we were asked to make a booklet on health, charm, and fashions. Since I've been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for four years, I had plenty of material for this project. I attend Caroline Leonetti's School of Modeling in Hollywood. The best part is riding the bus to get there. Hint to girls coming out here: the stars don't look any different from anyone else.

COLETTE MEYER (age 14)

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK: *Long Live the King* was tops. I also enjoyed *La Paloma* and *The Candy Prison*. *Remembered Island* is good.

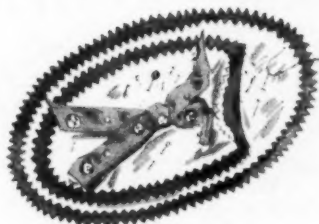
THE AMERICAN GIRL

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I do not agree with Virginia Hardt from Creve Coeur, Missouri, about taking *By You* out, it is one of my favorites.

I like horses, and I like to ride them, so the article *Girl Scouts on Horseback* was very interesting. I first began to like horses when I started on my Horsewoman badge. The girls in my Troop 416 had a lot of fun earning the Horsewoman badge, and we were very proud to receive it, because it helped us gain our First Class rank.

MARY BENNETT (age 12)

GROSSE POINTE, MICHIGAN: Your fashions are tops, and *Beauty Baggage* had lots of good ideas.

Long Live the King was a wonderful story, and *Remembered Island* is getting more exciting. I can't wait for Betty Cavanna's new story *Honey Goes to School*.

Please try and have more articles on sports, especially swimming.

LYNN ANN TERNES (age 13)

LAWTON, OKLAHOMA: Congratulations, Carol Burns! Your letter in the July issue hit the nail on the head. I'm ashamed of all us American girls. We are supposed to have the best schools in the world (except maybe England) yet frequently our letters are so dull we seem like very dull-witted people altogether.

All those letters from other countries surely look nice! We could take a few pointers from them. They have aroused my interest so that I can hardly stand not being able to see all the places and people that are mentioned.

Can you see from that last line one of my main interests? Travel. All the lines in every letter should express the personality of their writer. Let's try pepping up our letters.

The *By You* section never fails to give out with a lovely story, such as "Danny," by Jo-Anne Jones, or a drawing as difficult and beautiful as the one by Joey Marzeki.

My cousin, a boy, enjoys your magazine almost as much as I do. His "Boys' Life" is pretty good, too, but no equal to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

LANE CARLTON (age 14)

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY: Thanks, from an ardent fan, for the Betty Cavanna story, *Long Live the King*. Please have more of them.

I especially enjoyed *The Candy Prison* and *Sweater Roundup*, but both the installments of *Remembered Island* were pretty sad. *Care and Feeding of Sweaters* was very helpful and so was *Beauty Baggage* though I don't see how everything could go into one little bag!

Thanks, Robin Van Loben Sels, for a super "Farmer's Prayer for Rain."

ELIZABETH THURBER (age 12)

ANTWERP, BELGIUM: I am a Belgian girl and live in Antwerp. I read your magazine, thanks to my pen pal Lee, who sent me a subscription to your magazine. I like your magazine very well. I understand almost all without a dictionary. The most I like to read in your magazine is *A Penny for Your Thoughts*, *The Music Stand*, and *Cargo for Jennifer*.

Best wishes from a Belgian reader.

M. JOSE MERVIS (age 18)
THE END

Please send your letters to *The American Girl*, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address



Ask any girl how it feels to be
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makes her feel mighty proud! With her troopmates
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Folk Festivals, U.S.A.

(Continued from page 17)

Dance Ceremony that has never ceased to be celebrated in Oklahoma and in the Everglades.

An old Negro told the stories of Br'er Rabbit, the Tar Baby, Mister Fox, and other animals who, at least in legend, once roamed the Florida forests. Boys and girls sang the beautiful Negro spirituals, and went through the rhythms of the work songs and singing games that are almost unknown farther north.

Girl Scout troops from Lake City brought riddles, square dances, harmonica tunes, and such singing games as "Jennie Cracks Corn," "Pawpaw Patch," "King William Was King James' Son." Jasper High School presented the best rope skippers, to such very old rhymes as:

Mother, Mother, I am ill
Call the doctor over the hill!
In came the doctor
In came the nurse
In came the lady
With the alligator purse.

As the rhyme went on and on, it all got delightfully complicated, with more and more ropes added, and more and more boys and girls jumping at the same time.

ANGLO-SAXON FESTIVALS

All through the Eastern part of our country last year there were folk festivals that reflected the traditions of settlers who reached the New World from Great Britain or Ireland, bringing with them songs and dances, legends, superstitions, and lore that were closely related. In the early days, these dances and songs were the chief recreation, and they have been preserved from New England to the Ozarks and the Southern Appalachians. Yet the festivals in the different States reflected the changes in emphasis in the old traditions with the passage of time.

Each June, near Ashland, Kentucky, Jean Thomas, known as the "traipsin' woman" of the mountains, holds her annual "Singin' Gatherin'" in front of her cabin. To it come most of the hill families, men, women, and children, dressed in linsey-woolsey patterned after dresses of the days of Queen Elizabeth I of England. In these isolated sections of Kentucky, speech and costume, song and dance have changed amazingly little between the two Elizabethan reigns. The Singin' Gatherin' is a wonderful page out of the dim past.

The oldest event featuring Anglo-Saxon traditions is the Mountain Dance and Song Festival at Asheville, North Carolina. Its director is country-born, banjo-picking, square-dancing Bascom Lamar Lunsford—known far and wide as "the minstrel of the Appalachians." Performers come by post-card invitation, and everything is wonderfully informal as ballad singers, buck-and-wing dancers, banjo pickers, and fiddlers wait their turns on the side lines, and sixteen square-dance teams compete for the year's championship cup.

EUROPEAN FESTIVALS

As we move toward the Middle West, we begin to see folk festivals that mirror the traditions of our later immigrant populations from many other parts of Europe. The St. Paul Folk Festival is the oldest and best—a real community get-together in which many races and nationalities have a part. The program includes folk songs and dances by every one of the ethnic groups around St. Paul—each group garbed in its gay, characteristic national costumes. Each nationality also has

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its own booth at the festival, to which the men bring their handicrafts and the women the national foods they have prepared from Old World recipes.

There was a time in our country when newcomers felt they must try to forget their Old World customs and folkways. But in recent years we have realized that these are part of the invisible wealth they brought to our shores. In many Middle Western and Western States, Folk and Square Dance Federations encourage boys and girls, whose parents or grandparents were foreign-born, to learn the songs and dances brought from the old country, and use them to bring gaiety to all sorts of celebrations—Christmas, Thanksgiving, New Year's, Mother's Day. In cities like Cleveland, Akron, Buffalo, St. Louis, and Los Angeles, festivals and entertainments all around the year feature the square dances and songs of the Polish, Czech, Hungarian, and Finnish settlers.

California is one of the great festival States, with several thousand every year. Almost any day in California a folk dance festival is in progress somewhere. Its program may include half a dozen European nations, and maybe also a few Asiatic.

SOUTHWEST FOLK FESTIVALS

New Mexico is our ceremonial land! Thirty-eight States where Indians are still found have colorful Indian festivals and celebrations, but those of New Mexico and Oklahoma are the most elaborate and significant.

The Southwest Folk Festival held recently in Albuquerque drew the young people from many pueblos and reservations. Alongside them were folk dancers and singers whose Spanish-American traditions have been interwoven with those of the Indians for four hundred years. The celebration lasted for three wonderful days. It featured such things as the Navajo Night Chant, the sand paintings of the medicine men, the corn-grinding songs. Young girls from the Zuni pueblo, dressed in beautiful buckskin costumes, with elaborate jewelry of silver and turquoise on their necks and wrists and fingers, sang lullabies, and took part in the Spring Planting and Harvest Dances. The Apaches presented their Maiden's Dance, which marks the coming of age of the Apache girl.

Whole families came to the festival from the Spanish-American villages, bringing with them their ancient songs and dances, which they were able to preserve because for centuries, until recently, they had lived as isolated from the outside world as the Indians of the pueblos. They sang their religious *Alabados*, or songs of praise, and the *velerios* used on saints' birthdays. Grandparents danced with their grandchildren as the Spanish and Mexican fiddlers played the lively tunes for the Spanish Quadrille, "La Raspa," "Chiapanicus," and others.

THE COWBOYS' BALL

Besides its Indian and Spanish-American heritage, our Southwest has a long tradition of frontier days, when the covered wagons pushed across the plains and the first cattle were driven over the cattle trails. From earliest times there has always been a gay social life on the great ranches.

The Anson Cowboys' Christmas Ball has been in almost continuous existence in Anson, Texas, since Christmas Eve, 1885. The first Cowboys' Ball must have been very impressive. A New York poet, Larry Chittenden, who had stopped for the night at Anson's Old Star Hotel was so thrilled by the event that

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he wrote a long poem about it which you still may read in your library books. The ranch country's favorite cowboy, "Cross-I Charley," had brought his bride to the ball, and they led the Grand March, which was followed by the schottische, the heel-and-toe polka, and the American square dance.

This year, students from one of the most isolated rural high schools in Santa Fe county re-enacted an old Spanish wedding. They were dressed in wedding finery handed down from their Spanish ancestors as they acted out the various phases: the courtship of a well-chaperoned Spanish young lady of genteel birth; the proposal addressed to her parents by a nervous suitor; the premarriage receptions and visits of relatives; and finally, the ceremony and the Wedding March. At the end, many young people joined in the bridal party's wedding dance, accompanied by fiddlers and by guitars.

THE FUTURE OF FOLK FESTIVALS

These are just a few of the thousands of America's folk festivals last year. Today the ancient cattle trails are being replaced by super-highways. The cow towns of the West, like the crossroads of the East, have often expanded into great cities. The folklore of our country, transplanted here from many lands in simpler and gentler days, is worth preserving. But it will only remain if the young people of today cherish it as an important part of our national life—something that must not be lost to future generations.

Folklore, folk dancing and singing are fun! Wherever you are, find out about the treasure that belongs to your particular section. Start your own folk festival!

THE END

Would you like to have a folder giving you expert help in planning and organizing a folk festival in your neighborhood or town? Send 10¢ in coin and a self-addressed envelope to Folk Festival, American Girl Magazine, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

A Sheltering Tree

(Continued from page 13)

But now that the day was here, she felt depressed and at loose ends. Try as she would, she could not help remembering. A year ago, on this date, she and Priscilla had rushed home after school and together decorated the big cake Mrs. Moore had baked. Hally had set the extended dining-room table while Priscilla arranged the flower centerpiece with care. Together they had received the guests—Priscilla quiet and in the background, but always saying or doing the right thing at the right moment, to help make the party a success. How could anybody change so much in one year? Hally thought bitterly.

The only redeeming feature of the day was Priscilla's absence from school. "She's remembering, too, and she's ashamed to face me. She should be!" Hally said to herself.

Basketball practice mercifully occupied two hours of the afternoon so that it was nearly five o'clock when she reached home. A lovely smell of chocolate and spices pervaded the front hall.

"Mother! You baked a cake!" Hally accused her from the kitchen doorway.

"You can vote against a party, but you can't stop me from making a cake on my own daughter's sixteenth birthday," Mrs. Moore said firmly.

Hally kissed her. "I do believe you wanted all that extra work of a party," she said lightly. "Well, next year I'll oblige."

Mrs. Moore busied herself with the icing. "Priscilla's mother called," she said after a moment.

Hally's lips tightened.

"Pris wants you to come over," Mrs. Moore glanced at her daughter, and when Hally started to shake her head, she added, "I think it has something to do with Girls' Club."

"She wasn't in school today. Maybe she's sick," Hally rebutted her cardigan slowly. "Which means I'll have to take her place at the meeting Monday. Boy, how I wish now I had refused that job of vice-president!"

Mrs. Moore was wrapping something in a small box and after a moment she held it out. "I had a lot of batter so I baked two small cakes," she said. "This one is for Priscilla."

"I don't want Priscilla to have part of my birthday cake," Hally said rebelliously.

"I'm sending it to her," Mrs. Moore answered in a mild voice. "If you don't want to deliver it, I can send it with someone else."

Hally took the package silently. Her own mother was on Priscilla's side. That hurt, too.

"Hally, this isn't faintly like you."

"I didn't start it," she answered. But her voice was uncertain now.

"I'll keep dinner if you're late," Mrs. Moore said quietly.

Priscilla's mother looked tired and worried when she answered Hally's ring. "Go on up, dear," she said. "She's in bed."

Hally mounted the stairs reluctantly and hesitated at the open door of the bedroom.

"Hal?" Priscilla's voice called.

She went in, approaching the bed slowly. There was an odd, questioning look on Priscilla's face that Hally could not interpret.

"You're sick," she said in a low voice. "What is it?"

"Appendix," Priscilla made a wry face. "They've got it frozen now. They're going to operate Monday."

"Gee, I'm sorry," Hally said awkwardly.

"It wouldn't matter," Pris said, frowning, "only it interrupts things so. The first club meeting is Monday, you know."

"Yes—I know."

"The stuff's in that brown envelope on the desk," Priscilla went on, in a noncommittal voice. "I thought if you'd like to, we could go over the procedure now, so you'll be familiar with it Monday."

Hally walked toward the desk. She saw the manila envelope but for a moment she did not touch it.

"Why should you coach me?" she said slowly. "I should think you'd let me sink or swim on my own—fail in the whole business. Then everybody'd know you were right to vote against me."

"Hal—"

"Yes?" Hally did not turn, but in the mirror she could see Priscilla's face, not angry exactly, but hurt and disappointed. She felt a queer, inexplicable ache in her chest.

"Don't you remember last year," Priscilla said, "when I was secretary and you said you were glad you didn't have to be an officer of Girls' Club?"

"No, I don't remember," Hally said truthfully. She was always saying things on the spur of the moment and then forgetting them.

"But even if I did," she added defensively, "it seemed to me, at the assembly, that you were trying to make other people think we had fallen out—that you weren't my friend any more."

"What other people might think never occurred to me," Priscilla said quietly. "You and I knew—and that was enough."



Should the hostess be served—

☐ First ☐ Last ☐ In turn

If you lived in the days of the poison-dealing Borgias, you might want to dé-jitter your guests! So—you'd be served first, to prove no cyanide lurked in the soup. But today, etiquette scowls on "me first" hostessing. Here, service should start with the femme in foreground (at right)—continuing clockwise; hostess to be served in turn. Being sure builds poise. That's why, on those days, you choose Kotex—assured no outlines show, thanks to special flat pressed ends!



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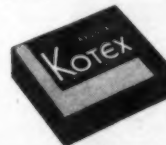
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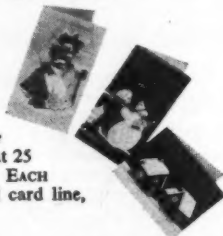


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Hally kept staring at the mirror, but she saw the face on the bed through a blur now.

"You said you didn't want the job," Priscilla went on matter-of-factly. "I really thought I was getting you out of something you didn't want. I tried to tell you that Tuesday, but you wouldn't listen. Yet it seemed to me you should have understood, anyway—"

Yes, Hally thought. That was the way it was. All this had happened because Priscilla was—Priscilla. She had taken Hally's remarks at face value and had acted on them with her characteristic honesty. It was Hally herself who had mistaken loyalty for betrayal...

She turned away from the mirror and dropped down beside the bed.

"Pris," she said thickly, "do you think you could forget all this? Could we be friends again—special friends?"

"Of course, silly," Priscilla's voice was gruff and embarrassed. Then she added in a different tone, "Friendship is a sheltering tree!"

Hally's head jerked up. "You sent that note paper!"

"Sure," Priscilla said, smiling. "Who else?"

Who else indeed, Hally thought. Humbly she realized that perhaps she would never in all her life have another friend like this one. She buried her face in the candlewick spread, trying to hide the tears of shame and gratitude.

"Don't be such an idiot!" Priscilla laughed a little, but her voice was husky, too. "Go get the envelope. We have a lot of work to do. And by the way, pal—happy birthday!"

THE END

She's a G.S.E. — and Loves It!

(Continued from page 21)

together and made to work smoothly. It takes money—and someone has to see about things like budgets. There have to be committees to raise funds, and maybe get a new camping site, and recruit new troop leaders, and get out a Girl Scout bulletin. Oh, there are lots of committees—for about everything. They all must work together, too."

"How do you get them to work together?"

Jane grinned. "It's an easy trick—when you know it! The president of my Girl Scout council and I work closely on administration."

"Are there many executives like yourself in a Girl Scout council?"

"In some councils there's only one, but there may be two or even more if the council is big enough. A council, however, is mostly made up of men and women who start it and keep it going on a volunteer basis, because they believe that Girl Scouting does so much for their young people. Usually, they need to hire one or more trained professional workers to keep the machinery oiled and running smoothly."

"It sounds like a lot of responsibility."

"Yes, but the G.S.E. is the lucky one! She's pretty well paid, and she has an exciting life. Not chained to a desk or a classroom. Why, I travel all over this county, meeting with groups, training leaders and council members, helping with all sorts of projects. Tomorrow I'm going to spend all day tramping over our wonderful new campsite. The next day I go to the Junior League luncheon party. I get to make a host of friends."

"What about all those service activities of the Girl Scouts?"

"I'm glad you mentioned them. You know something? Youngsters love to feel they're doing something that's worthwhile. Our teen-

age girls in this county work as hospital aides, help with the Red Cross bloodmobile, do really important things for the Community Chest and in Civil Defense. The Brownies get off to a start dressing dolls for sick children. They pack kits of clothing, food, and toys for overseas, and do many other things!"

"And you have a big hand in arranging all this?"

"In a general way. Never forget that the girls themselves decide what they want to do. But, of course, as the council's spark plug I do sort of help the adults remember all the possibilities, and ways to work them out."

By this time Jane had convinced us that being a Girl Scout professional worker is just about the most interesting as well as useful career any girl could choose. We wondered—and maybe you wonder, too—how a girl gets to be such a thing.

Maybe even more important is: what sort of girl does she have to be? When does she start preparing for a career in Girl Scouting, if she finds it's the right thing for her? Can she begin learning about it in high school? Are there college courses she should take?

Of course we prodded Jane with questions about all these matters; about her own background, how she came to take up this career, what and where she studied. Her answers were frank, and might be useful to you if you happen to be thinking along these lines.

The first thing Jane emphasized was the importance of a little self-examination. Have you ever analyzed yourself and your temperament? What sort of person are you? The lonewolf type, or the girl who just loves to be in the swim of things? Of course the lone wolf won't make a good G.S.E.—not unless she learns to come out of her tight shell.

But maybe you look in your mirror and see there a girl who just adores to be with the bunch, whether it's on a picnic, a swimming party, or a museum trip. That's fine! But it's not the whole story. Do you often find yourself sparking ideas for your group's activities? Do you take easily to the strange girl who comes to your school, and help her make friends? Do you really like others?

If you can answer yes to that last question, you'd probably like being a G.S.E. Now, suppose you decide on it? What next?

"I learned a lot back in high school just being a Girl Scout," Jane said. "I was a little frightened the first time I was made a patrol leader. But afterward I had fun, whether I was head of the group or just a member trying to fit in with the other girls' ideas. Every summer I went to camp. I did love the swimming, and the hiking, and the back-packing on a mountain trail! When I was a Senior Scout, our camp had a course for counselors-in-training. I worked with a group of younger girls. I loved it! It was about then that I made up my mind to go into Scouting for good."

Jane emphasized that this was just her personal experience, and that many Girl Scout executives have never been Girl Scouts. They may have come to their career by some other road. Usually, though, she felt they were girls who, in high school, had managed to get into many group activities—glee club, sports, the school paper. They enjoyed other people and were interested in many things.

Some of these girls with sociable instincts, and especially those who liked to do things with youngsters, went on to study teaching. Jane pointed out that teaching is one of the royal roads to Girl Scout professional work. "The reason," she explained, "is that teachers learn so much about psychology, and they

learn how to bring out the best in other people."

"What about those budgets you handle, Jane? Teachers don't learn much of that sort of thing!"

"I don't operate as a finance expert," Jane laughed. "The chairman of our finance committee is the local banker. My job is to confer with him and his council committee on the scope of our program for the next year, and what sort of budget will be needed to carry it out. It's the same in many things. Take nature study. We have a number of people who know a lot in this field, and can help train the troop leaders. My role is to be responsible for the over-all plans, to see that all girls who come into Scouting get a full, well-rounded Scouting experience."

In talking it over with Jane we discovered that Girl Scout executives are drawn from fields other than teaching. Sometimes they have a background in social casework or social group work. They may even be successful businesswomen before they decide to make Scouting their career.

The point about all these career women is that they like people and are used to working with them. But how about yourself? If you have already decided to be a G.S.E., what is the most direct route to get there?

That's easy. **Step One:** Get into your high-school group activities; learn to function as a leader of a team, and also as a member of a team. **Step Two:** See what you can do to help with community projects of your church, Red Cross, or some youth organization; learn to get on with all kinds of people. **Step Three:** If you are a Girl Scout, find out about counselors-in-training and the new leaders-in-training program, and try to get in on one of these. **Step Four:** Develop any talents or skills you may have, in an accredited college that offers good courses in education and social sciences—psychology and sociology. You will need a bachelor's degree.

With this sort of background you will be prepared to become a Girl Scout professional worker. It is a field in which the beginning salary may be anywhere from \$3,000 to \$4,000, depending on your training and your responsibilities. Jane's salary at twenty-six, she confided, is \$4,200, after four years' experience. "Of course," she added, "if you rise to a really big administrative job, you might get \$8,000 to \$12,000."

"I could go right now to a bigger council and better salary," Jane said, "and perhaps someday I will. But for the moment I'm very happy here. And there's something else I almost forgot—the Girl Scouts give me a month's paid vacation. There are many other ways in which they look out for a G.S.E."

"With a national movement like Scouting, I suppose you could manage to see almost any part of the country, if you wanted to change."

"Oh, yes, Girl Scout executives have opportunities to be transferred to almost any section of the country. A few are even serving abroad where there are Girl Scouts of the U.S.A."

"It sounds to me like a glamour calling!" Jane laughed. "Well, we do work plenty! But there's variety, and there's fun. The fun of meeting and working with men and women you like and are glad you have a chance to know. For myself, I just can't imagine any other career at all!"

THE END

If you'd like to know more about the possibilities of a future for yourself in Girl Scouting, write to Juliet Jones, Personnel Department, Girl Scout Headquarters, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

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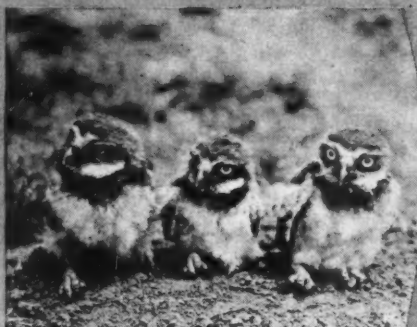
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SPEAKING OF MOVIES

by BERTHA JANCKE LUECK



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A BULLET IS WAITING—A tense drama of hunter and hunted, of love and faith, stars Jean Simmons, Rory Calhoun, Stephen McNally, Brian Aherne. A plane crashes, and a prisoner and the sheriff whose brother he is accused of killing seek refuge in a lonely ranch cabin. The owner is away and his daughter is alone. Gradually she comes to believe the prisoner innocent, tries to protect him from the hate-filled sheriff. There is a forceful climax when the rancher returns and averts tragedy. (Columbia)



THE LITTLE KIDNAPPERS—Orphaned brothers, ages eight and five, come to live in a household ruled by their just, but cold and stern grandfather. With no outlet for their imaginative, loving natures, when they find a lost baby they hide it, feed it on goat's milk, lavish on it their pent-up affection. Their aunt is injured in the search for the child; they give it up, and the older boy is tried for kidnapping. You will like the ending—a happy one for the boys and the entire community. (United Artists)



THE BLACK SHIELD OF FALWORTH—Fifteenth century England is the colorful setting for this CinemaScope Technicolor picture. A plot to overthrow Henry IV provides exciting, romantic adventure, action-packed from start to finish. Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh, David Farrar, Barbara Rush, Herbert Marshall head the cast. There is many a joust, and a real battle royal, before the identity of the mysterious brother and sister is revealed, and the conspirators are finally brought to justice. (Univ.-Int'l)

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Pat Downing—Heiress

(Continued from page 15)

Father had been advising me every hour, on the hour, to go ahead and sell to Dr. McE. before he backs out. And, though I know Father is only urging what he thinks is best for me, I still have held back. For one thing, it's plain Mother thinks I should wait for the new highway. But chiefly I am held back by my very strong feeling that Aunt Kassie is trying to prevent me from selling it. If that sounds balmy, I can't help it.

Yesterday Lucy Ellen said she and Harry would like to drive out with me to see the old place. I thought it would be fun. We could spend the night and Harry could go fishing. I asked Mother if I could invite Sandy to go, too. She said there was no objection since my respected sister and brother-in-law are by now experienced chaperons.

Sandy has been in Knoxville and so he had not heard of my inheritance. When I called him, the operator rang and rang. I was about ready to hang up when his voice, slightly breathless and irritated, barked, "Hello."

"Mind your manners," I said. "You are speaking to Patricia Downing, heiress."

He laughed. "Heiress to what?"

"Wait till you hear," I answered. "And don't get any ideas about marrying me for my money."

"I sure won't," he said. "Not until I know the size of your fortune."

When I told him the story, he was satisfactorily surprised and impressed and very eager to go with us and see the place.

All the way to the farm, they kept kidding me. Sandy talked about "the Patricia Downing estate," and Harry and Lucy Ellen suggested I might raise goats, or dig ginseng roots, or sell bundles of sassafras wood for tea. It isn't really that backwoodsy, though the land is steeply rolling, with rock outcropping everywhere. I'm very proud to be the owner of it. If I keep it, I may call it "Sky-high." How do you like that? It has never had a name. When I tried it out loud, Harry said people might think I was talking about the price.

We had to make a long detour, so we were glad when the place finally came in sight. As we went up the walk, Lucy Ellen remarked that the house would look much better if the porch were torn away. I couldn't help remembering how Aunt K. loved that porch with the trellis at one end covered every summer with Scarlett O'Hara morning glories. When we went inside, Lucy Ellen was excited.

She waved her arms and exclaimed, "You must tear out that wall between the hall and parlor. Then you will have a lovely, big living room."

But Harry said that would cost too much, and anyhow he thought I meant to sell the place. Sandy teetered back and forth on his toes, trying to shake the floor by bouncing his weight. Finally he decided that the house seemed solidly built and said the wood was yellow poplar.

We went through the parlor which is crammed with dusty, Victorian furniture. There was even a wreath of flowers made from human hair under a glass bell. Lucy Ellen said the dining room would be beautiful if I put in double French doors leading to a rock terrace outside, overlooking the creek.

Harry laughed and said, "My wife is nothing if not practical."

Lucy Ellen made a little face at him.

"Pat," she exclaimed, "I wouldn't sell this place for anything; it's such a dear old house."

"We'll clean out some of this clutter tomorrow, Pat," Harry promised. "But let's go fishing now." They agreed that was the thing to do. I told them to go along, I'd be down a little later.

When they were gone, I gritted my teeth and went up to the attic. I was determined not to be bluffed by a ghost, but I wanted to give Aunt Kassie a chance to contact me if she wanted to. In the back hall, I noticed she had hung purple sateen curtains on a sagging wire to make a sort of closet at one end, near the stairs.

Up in the attic, I couldn't help but become interested in Aunt Kassie's hoard of treasures. You never saw such a collection. Boxes, bedding, trunks, cambric roses, magazines, old photographs, feed sacks, a little clock with a bronze Mercury on top. It was what comes of living too long alone, I guess.

I wasn't the least nervous, Janie, I swear it. But when the light began to fail, I got up to go downstairs. The minute I opened the door, I felt again that strange, clammy draft of air and I saw that shadowy little figure just for a second, at the foot of the stairs.

I collapsed on the top step. I couldn't stand. I yearned to climb out the attic window, rather than descend that staircase, but there wasn't even a morning-glory vine to climb down on. I don't know how long I sat there. Probably it wasn't as long as it seemed. Then I heard voices, good old human voices, loud and jolly. Sandy and the others were coming in from the creek.

If I had been a spook myself, I couldn't have gone down those steps any faster. I burst into the kitchen just as they came in the back door. Harry looked at me sharply.

"What's the matter, Pat?" he said. "You look wild-eyed."

"Nothing," I answered in a shaky voice. "I'm fine. Where is your fish?"

Sandy said they hadn't had any luck but were going to try again the next morning.

Then, in spite of all I could do, I burst into tears. I moaned that I didn't want to spend the night here. I wanted to go home. I could feel their glances meeting over my head, and they all began to treat me like an infant. It infuriated me so, I refused to explain anything. Finally we all piled into the car and drove home.

Janie, if you doubt me, I can't bear it. I know now for sure Aunt Kassie is trying to tell me to keep the old place. What if I sold it and she haunted me the rest of my life?

Your ever-loving friend,
P. Downing

Dearest Janie:

You are a darling not to poke fun at me. That was the loveliest letter from you today. Sandy came over last night. He pestered me until finally I told him what had upset me out at Aunt K.'s last week end. He didn't laugh, or even smile, which shows he is a gentleman. Don't you agree? But he said there must be a natural explanation, and he means to find it. He suggested that he and Mother and I go out there next Saturday. While Mother and I are busy with other things, he intends to make a thorough investigation. Mother is willing and we are going to take our hired man, Hal, to help do some heavy cleaning and furniture moving.

To add to my tension, Dr. McEwen called up today and offered me eight thousand, five hundred dollars for the place. Of course, Father thinks I ought to sell at once. But why

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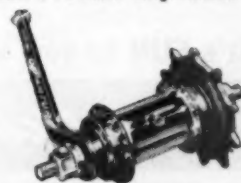
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the rush? Didn't I receive a better offer by stalling?

I'll let you know what happens. Dear Janie, what would I ever do without you to confide in?

Your ever-loving friend,
Pat Downing

Dearest Janie:

I could hardly wait to seize my pen in hand to tell you what happened. Yesterday Mother and I and Hal and Sandy went out to my estate early in the morning. As soon as we arrived, Mother put us all to work. Sandy and Hal, our hired man, took up the parlor carpet, put it on the line and beat it. Mother and I washed the parlor windows, put the curtains to soak in warm suds, and went to work on the woodwork. Mother said if we got that one room well cleaned that day, we'd do well. The boys scrubbed the floor with big sponges. The stale, dusty smell was gone and the room looked bright and clean in the sunlight streaming through the shining windows, but this isn't to tell you all that. What I started to say is that while Mother and I were fixing lunch in the kitchen, Sandy disappeared, and when lunch was ready he called that he'd be in directly. But the rest of us had finished before he came in. He looked excited but he didn't explain anything until Mother and Hal went back to work and I sat down at the kitchen table while he ate.

Then he said, "I'm glad to know you are not out of your mind, Pat. What you saw was not your respected aunt."

When I demanded what he meant, he swallowed the last few bites as fast as he could and took me into the little hallway where the attic steps are. Telling me to stand still, he sprang up the steps and called to me to watch. He opened the attic door, and I felt that rush of chilly air. The purple curtains parted and the familiar form appeared. Sandy thought I was going to faint.

He dashed down the stairs, shook me, and

said, "Look, Pat, it's nothing but Aunt Kassie's old dress and sunbonnet."

Then he showed me. Aunt K. had hung a coat hanger with her dress and bonnet on that same wire the curtains were on.

Behind the curtains were other clothes, a sidesaddle, a quilting frame, and heaven knows what else. He shoved it all aside and showed me a little window on the outside wall with two broken panes. He asked me if I had noticed that the attic window also had broken panes. I hadn't. He said, "When the attic door opens, it creates a strong draft through here. It swings the dress out like this." He demonstrated.

Ghost or no ghost, I'm not going to sell the place. I feel Aunt Kassie would like me to take care of it as long as I live. But how I'll raise money for taxes and repairs and insurance is the sixty-four-dollar question.

Thanks a million for your good letters,

Your ever-loving friend,
P. D.

Dearest Janie:

The reason I've waited so long to write this time is because I've been in a state. Father was outdone with me because I wouldn't sell. Sandy and Harry have been trying to help me rent the place. But it was Hal who came up with the happy solution. His married brother wants to rent the old house and the farm. He is honest and hard-working and so is his wife. They will pay me fifteen dollars a month cash, which as Sandy pointed out, should take care of the running expenses and even leave me a few dollars to boot. In addition they will spend about eight dollars a month and part of their own time on repairs. The brother can paint and carpenter a little, so by degrees the old place will be restored. Isn't that just the answer to prayer? I'm sure Aunt Kassie, dear old soul, is pleased.

Your ever-loving friend,
Pat Downing

THE END

Date with a Dream

(Continued from page 20)

and flattered to find you ready to sail off with him.

The big dance involves a little more primping. Here's where you indulge your taste for frills and flowers. Enjoy the femininity of rustling silks, ribbons, and scents while you've the chance.

Jim is coming to pick you up at eight. You may have wanted Joe to ask you... Joe's slow grin sends your heart hammering clear to your ribs. But enough! Joe didn't ask you. Let's face it—he asked somebody else. It is Jim who will be your escort. Once you have accepted him as your date for the evening, it is up to you to give him your interest; to plan for both your sakes to have a wonderful time. You may discover that even if he doesn't make you swoon, he does have a terrific sense of humor.

And now, get busy! It's six thirty already.

Of course the terrain has been cultivated beforehand. Your hair has been set in pin curls hours ago in a style that you know is attractive, and one you can manage solo. Don't go experimental on a new hairdo just

before a dance. Fingernails are manicured and gleaming. Your underwear is freshly laundered; all hooks and snappers are in place where you need them; your party dress, its billowing folds newly pressed, is waiting.

Beckoning you from a top drawer are the gossamer-sheer nylons you've been guarding; in another you have ready the ribbons, artificial flowers, scarf, and jewelry you plan to wear. Your shoes, stuffed with tissue paper at the toes, are perched on their slim heels in the closet. Everything seems to breathe with an air of expectancy. So quickly—off with you into the bathtub!

Some like it hot... some like it cool... you take it the way you please! A bath is to luxuriate in—this is definitely not the moment to be Spartan. So sprinkle into the water a little cologne or bath oil to perfume your every pore, and throw in a big handful of bath salts to soften and tint the water. Now sink back and soak for five minutes. It's curious how the day's tensions melt in the presence of a heady pine or orange aroma. While you're relaxing, let your thoughts



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THE AMERICAN GIRL

amble over to Jim. What is he interested in? What does he like that you like too? Thinking ahead will make conversation flow smoothly, and you'll be able to make him feel more at ease. Poised and assured, you're prettier to look at, too, than when you're a bundle of nerves.

Soaking period over, take a long-handled brush to your back. This will whip up circulation and lead the way to a satiny skin. After you've had a tingling scrub all over, rinse off. Then out with you into a large, thirsty towel. A quick rubdown, a deodorant, a spray of your best cologne and your bath is complete. Dressing is exciting. There's that one breathless moment as your gown rustles over your head—up goes the zipper, nipping everything into shape—you're dressed.

It is time now for dressing-table magic. Before going into action, slip a cape or towel around your shoulders to keep hairs and powder at a safe distance. Comb out your pin-curls so that your hair falls softly; use crisp ribbons or artificial flowers on bobby pins for anchorage. To bring out hidden eye glamour, touch lashes and brows with vaseline. An eyelash brush tames shaggy eyebrows lickety-split. If you are pale, a little rouge is permissible. Apply it gently and sparingly over the cheekbones, smoothing it up and out toward the temples. Go easy, too, on powder. Floury faces went out with the flapper era.

Last of all to go on is lipstick. And it should follow the natural contour of the mouth. Blot your lips on a tissue. Then, using clean cotton, puff a fine layer of powder on lips. Reapply lipstick gently. Blot once more. That's the wind-up! Add a drop of perfume on wrists and ear lobes if you wish to be *femme fatale* tonight.

Now take a long look at yourself in a full-length mirror, to study the effect. With your purse at hand containing a clean hanky, a comb, and a lipstick for minor repairs, all you have to do now is to sit back contentedly until the doorbell rings.

When it does—forget all about your looks. You are at your best—it's time to have fun!

THE END

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Mariner and Explorer Scouts of Long Beach, California prepare a meal at their desert camp

All Over the Map

FROM MAINE TO CALIFORNIA" we go this month, with stopovers here and there between, to see what Girl Scouts are doing.

OLD TOWN, MAINE, is our first port of call. With love of the sea as a mutual bond, and months of correspondence behind them, Canadian Sea Rangers of the ship *Haida* from St. Andrews, New Brunswick, and Mariner Scouts of Troop 7 in Maine's Central Penobscot Council had little need to get acquainted when the Canadian girls paid an exchange visit to the Maine Mariner troop.

The Sea Rangers and their skipper were met at the station and taken to the homes of their hostesses for dinner, after which they gathered for an informal party at the home of the council president. The Sea Rangers presented each Mariner with a Girl Guide friendship pin, and the evening ended with songs and refreshments. "What a lot of wonderful sea shanties those Sea Rangers know!" wrote one of the Mariners in her logbook.

Visits to the University of Maine and to Indian Island, the reservation of the Penobscot Indians, were highlights of the next day. With the Indian agent as guide, they explored the island and met its Indian governor, who demonstrated a number of Indian crafts for them. In the evening the Mariners entertained their guests at a dinner in the Old Town community house. At a council meeting which followed the dinner the Canadian girls entertained council members and guests with some of the shanties the Mariners had especially enjoyed the previous evening.

After more sightseeing—and, of course, a shopping tour—the next day, the Mariners said good-bye to their Canadian guests, with a promise to return their visit in the summer.

The day finally came, early in June, when Mariner Troop 7 left by bus for their exchange visit to New Brunswick. At St. Stephen, just across the Canadian border, they were welcomed by a Girl Guide district commissioner and a Land Ranger captain, who took them on a sightseeing trip around St. Stephen. Next stop was St. Andrews, where their Sea Ranger friends greeted them with "Hurry, we're going for a swim!" After the long bus ride the cooling dip in a little cove of Passamaquoddy Bay was very welcome.

The next morning the Mariners were taken on a motor-launch trip around Passamaquoddy Bay, and a cookout on one of the

islands. Afterward they climbed a high, steep hill, from which they could look out over the wide blue bay, dotted with islands, large and small, clothed in the rich green of fir and pine.

Following an afternoon tour of St. Andrews, the Mariners were guests at a dinner given by the Sea Rangers. After the dinner they saw the Provincial Commissioner of Canadian Girl Guides conduct a formal enrollment of new Sea Rangers and an inspection of the whole ship's company. To close the program there was a song fest, each group offering its special songs and arrangements, and all joining in the old favorites.

The Mariners were up early on Sunday to attend church services, and the afternoon was spent in more sightseeing and exploring. Then, with promises that "We'll do this again next year!" the Maine girls were off for home. As they settled down in the bus for the long ride, they began to make plans for ways of earning money for exchange visits next year!

OUR NEXT STOP, New Jersey, where Troop 10 of the Bloomfield Council had an exciting experience on its first overnight camp trip.

On the way back to their campsite in the South Mountain Reservation after a hike, the Scouts and their leader were met by police searching for a lost two-year-old girl. Asked to help in the search, the leader and girls decided to take an obscure, seldom-used wagon road back to camp, for it seemed to them the kind of trail a little girl might follow in her wanderings.

Walking quietly, softly, with ears and eyes alert, the girls followed the wagon trail. And then, from deep in the woods, they heard a faint whimpering sound. A child, crying? Still moving quietly, so as not to frighten the child, they went into the woods and found the little girl, unharmed, but weary and hungry.

The child was returned to the police, and through them to her mother. And Troop 10 returned to its overnight camp to live over again, around the campfire that night, an experience that will make its first overnight a truly memorable one.

NOW TO COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, to hear about the trip of Troop 208 to Connecticut. These Senior Scouts of the Columbia County Council became acquainted with Seniors from Naugatuck, Connecticut,

last year at Camp Rockwood. (In the January, 1954 issue, in this department, we told about the Connecticut troop's visit to Rockwood.) The girls corresponded after they returned home, and this summer the Naugatuck Scouts invited the Pennsylvania girls to visit them at the Girl Scout camp near Waterbury, Connecticut.

The girls and their leaders enjoyed the two-day ride through the countryside and cities and towns of Pennsylvania, New York, and Connecticut. They stayed overnight at a camp in Poughkeepsie, New York, and after an early-morning swim in the camp pool they were off again on the last lap of their trip.

When they arrived at Camp Wequapauset that afternoon they were welcomed by their friends of the Naugatuck troop, and the rest of the afternoon and evening was spent in getting re-acquainted and exploring the camp. The next three days were spent in hiking, swimming and canoeing, exploring. After supper they would gather on the steps of the main lodge for singing and before-bedtime snacks.

On Saturday evening the Columbia girls served a Pennsylvania Dutch meal, with traditional foods from Lancaster County, Lebanon, Columbia, and other dishes for which Pennsylvania is famous.

"We had the best time!" wrote the Columbia Senior who told us about the trip. "The Connecticut girls and their leaders were wonderful hostesses. We hope they can visit us in Pennsylvania next summer, so we can return their hospitality."

CALIFORNIA! Here the long coastline, with many protected bays, offers exceptional opportunities for Mariner Scouting. In Long Beach, Mariner Troop *Incredible* (named for a U.S. Navy mine sweeper) owns a sailboat and carries on Mariner activities in Long Beach harbor. The troop also enjoys a fine program which combines Mariner and camping projects.

With Boy Scout Explorer Post 122 they have had many joint activities: a series of square dances; beach parties and barbecues; bowling; a joint camp rally. Both groups are experienced campers, and agreed enthusiastically when their leaders proposed a joint primitive camping expedition in the Borrego Desert State Park, about 150 miles from Long Beach.

All plans and arrangements were made by

Headline News in Girl Scouting

a committee of three Mariners and three Explorers. The campers traveled by car and truck, and made their campsite in Coyote Canyon near a small stream. Separate camps were set up with a joint cooking area between, both groups lashing much of the necessary equipment. Cooking was done by four crews, with Mariners, Explorers, and an adult to each crew.

The Scouts hiked and explored the historically rich area; studied the wild life of the canyon; played games. At evening campfire the boys put on a clever skit and an impressive Indian ceremonial. The girls conducted an excellent Scouts' Own, led the singing, served "smores." Final evaluation of the whole group: "A tremendously successful trip."

Another exciting experience for these Mariners was a four-day canoe trip on the Colorado River, with stopovers on the banks for lunch and camping at night. Experienced in ocean-bay canoeing, river canoeing was a real thrill for them.

This troop has also carried on some fine service projects. Several of the girls have helped in the Girl Scout office; others have served as swimming aides and as aides at the Girl Scout day camp. Some have worked as library aides, and others have helped in the local orthopedic clinic.

IN PASADENA, Mariner Troop 36, *Sea Tiger*, has the distinction of being the first Girl Scout troop to be adopted by a U.S. Navy submarine. Under the guidance of a Navy recruiter who is an honorary member of the troop, the girls learned all phases of seamanship and navigation, and their instructor considers them the equal of any Sea Scout unit. So he was very proud when the troop was invited to go to the Long Beach Naval Station for an official "adoption" ceremony aboard the U.S.S. *Charr*.

At the Base the Girl Scouts boarded the ship with the traditional salute to God, to country, and to the Commanding Officer. Then the Mariners, their leaders and parents were taken on a tour of the submarine.

The colorful adoption ceremony took place on the stern of the ship, with officers and crew drawn up facing the leaders and Mariners of the *Sea Tiger* troop. The commander of the *Charr* read a scroll proclaiming that he had received Mariner Troop 36, *Sea Tiger*, into his honorary crew. The scroll and an engraved plaque bearing the submarine



Official U.S. Navy photo

Mariner Scouts of Troop 36, Pasadena, California, get expert instruction in the important art of knot-tying

dolphin insignia, a framed picture of the ship and crew, and a history of the *Charr* were presented to the Mariners. The Mariners then presented a plaque and a history of their troop to the Commander, and the ceremony was over. Refreshments were served below deck, and the visitors agreed that the Navy knows how to attend to that essential of a party!

Since their "adoption" by the *Charr* Troop 36 has had several opportunities to visit other naval vessels, and particularly enjoyed their tour of the U.S.S. *Sperry*, the mother ship—or tender—to all the submarines based at the San Diego Naval Station.

Members of this troop also serve twelve hours a month, in two six-hour shifts, at the Pasadena Air Filter Center as one of their community service projects.

THE END

WHAT'S THE NEWS?

Here, in the Girl Scouts' own department of our magazine, you can tell the half million and more readers of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* what your Girl Scout troops are doing.

Girls in every part of the world—whether in Scouting and Guiding or not—turn to this department each month for news and pictures of Girl Scout and Guide activities. Why not tell them about your good times, your community service and other projects? Pictures should be clear, black-and-white prints in good focus, 4" x 5" or larger.

What did your Scouts do this summer? What are they doing this fall? Write and tell us, and we'll tell the world!

The governor of Indian Island demonstrates basket-making for Canadian Sea Rangers and Maine Mariners

Bangor Daily News



A Girl of

Savannah

by LAURA VITRAY

Young people
loved "Daisy"—
love the Scouting
she began!

IF SOMEDAY ANOTHER "Little Women" story is written, it may center around a girl named Daisy Gordon who, in the years just after the Civil War, romped with her brothers and sisters and numerous cousins in the grounds of a stately Southern mansion in Savannah, Georgia.

The great house still stands, a chapter out of the past in the heart of a city that grows more bustling every day. Its garden was once a riot of color, with its flaming pomegranate tree in bloom, its beds of camellias and roses, lemon-colored azaleas, borders of violets and snowdrops. Its carriage house and servants' quarters cover half a block. The house saw many historic events and many wonderful childish adventures. And the friendly little tomboy who was born and grew up there became one of the most beloved characters in America.

You say you never heard of her? Well—let's see! Daisy was only her nickname; her real one was Juliette. Though she was born with the family name of Gordon, she grew up and married a dashing young Englishman named Low. With him she traveled around the globe, meeting kings and queens, princesses and noblemen. Yet, somehow, she couldn't manage to get so far away that American youngsters were not constantly in her mind. And so, at last . . .



Illustration by Bill Timmins

But wait! We haven't come to that. We were telling about the little girl, Daisy.

Imagine it is somewhere in the late 1860's, and you—with your dear mama, who wears a voluminous frock rich with lace and furbelows—have come to call on General and Mrs. Gordon. Your family are newcomers to Savannah. The day is a pleasant one in spring, mild and warm—not yet exhaustingly hot, as Savannah summer days often can be. The General, dignified veteran of the Confederate army, and his tiny, fun-loving, unceremonious Northern wife, receive you in the great double drawing room.

From the garden come the wild-Indian calls and shrieks of laughter of some tribe that seems to be having a wonderful time. Mrs.

Gordon's eyes twinkle as she follows your glance, and she suggests to your mama, "Maybe Lucy would like to go out and find the girls."

Your mama's expression registers vague distress, as she surveys your stiff cotton dress with long, ruffled skirt and rickrack braid trim. But Mrs. Gordon is a lady who matches her actions to her words with exceeding promptness. Already she has started you on your way toward the out-of-doors. In the hall she encounters Eliza, the buxom Gordon family cook, and says, "Here, 'Liza, take Lucy to the garden and help her find Daisy. Tell the girls it's time to dress for tea."

'Liza leads the way, her broad face wrinkling with good humor. On the back lawn a

whole raft of youngsters, boys and girls, white and Negro, are flying about in a game you don't at once recognize. The boys slash at the bushes with sticks and shoot at tree trunks with bows and arrows, while the girls, squealing, dash about or peep from behind the honeysuckle trellis. It's a war, you decide, but not like the battles of the Civil War that you've heard about.

The commotion halts as 'Liza cups her hand to her mouth and calls: "Daisy—Dais-eel!"

A slight, smallish girl about your own age suddenly slithers down from a pecan tree, and heads in your direction. She has tow-colored hair and is twinkly-eyed, like Mrs. Gordon.

"Good afternoon," she says politely, as she laughingly arranges the folds of her skirt to hide a large tear. "We're playing Indians. You see, we know all about them. Mama's father lived in Indian country out West, and he told us lots and lots about them when we were visiting him in Chicago."

The other children have gathered around Daisy, who seems to be the ringleader. "These are my cousins," she says, indicating a group of girls. "And this is Evelina. She's smart. You ought to see her shoot a bow and arrow. She can hit anything. Just like a boy!"

Evelina, a pretty little Negro girl, grins at the compliment. She raises her bow, ready to give a demonstration, but 'Liza interrupts. "You-all come 'long with me, we've got to look after the cookies before they burn. And Miss Daisy, your mama says it's time you dress for tea."

The enticing odor of the cookies floats up from the ground-floor kitchen as Daisy leads you upstairs to her room. You sit down primly on a straight chair, while she hastily pours water into the bowl on the washstand, removes the smudges from her hands and face, then wriggles, grimacing, into a starched pink dress.

"Mama told me all about you," she announces as you help button her up the back. "She said you'll be going to our school."

"Is it nice?"

Daisy laughs. "It's — all right! Mam'selle Lucille Blois says she doesn't know how I'll ever wind up if I can't learn to spell. I just can't!"

"I can't either," you admit, and there's a bond between you and Daisy right away.

"I like modeling with clay," Daisy suggests. From her bureau she picks up a bird she has modeled and then colored. You admire it. "I'll show you how, someday," she says.

You go down to the parlor, where the other cousins and a number of grownups have gathered. Everything is sweetly decorous. Your mama is sipping tea from a delicate china cup, and looks relieved to see that your best frock is still intact. The cookies that 'Liza baked are the best you ever tasted; you hope no one will count how many you ate. You decide that life in Savannah may turn out to be rather nice—and that Daisy must be your special chum.

And so she is, until one autumn some years later when she tearfully bids good-by to you. She is fourteen, and is off to a boarding school in Virginia called Edgehill, conducted by the Misses Randolph, granddaughters of Thomas Jefferson. From there, after two years, she transfers to Stewart Hall in Virginia, and finally to a school in far-off New York City. She nicknames it "The Charbs" because it is run by two French women, Milles. Mathilde and Fannie Charbonnier.

From all these places she occasionally

scrawls misspelled letters to you, telling about the things that are going on. She takes private lessons in sculpture and painting. One day in Greek class at Edgehill, she gets herself in trouble by sketching the teacher with oversized shoes on the wrong feet. From "The Charbs" she writes you about the terribly strict discipline—no boys ever allowed near; all conversation in French! And how the girls hold secret parties in the bathroom or attic of the school after "lights out" at night—until the day when their misdemeanors are revealed!

Summers you see her again in Savannah—always her own joyous self; full of mischief; full of ideas for parties and picnics and good times, and for organizing fun.

One summer, Daisy says, "You've got to come along with us to Aunt Eliza Stiles' place! I'll get Auntie to write you!"

She does, and your mama consents! What a summer that turns out to be! The great, rambling old house stands high on the gray cliffs that rise sheer from the Etowah River in northern Georgia. The long piazzas are cool, with a far vista of the river through the trees. It's seven miles to the nearest town. But no need for loneliness! Twenty boy and girl cousins are spending their vacation there! The boys still play Indians; the girls invent treetop games and each has her own special room in a tree of her choice. Almost everyone is an expert swimmer, and a favorite sport is to swim from the Shoals to a spot a mile down, where the water is twenty feet deep.

Daisy adores acting, and is the producer of plays that are sometimes written down, sometimes improvised. In one, she is dragged by the hair when she's discovered to be a Yankee spy—and despite the discomfort, manages to sing lustily, "Hang Old Jeff Davis on a Sour Apple Tree."

Daisy seems lost to you when she marries that handsome young Britisher, William Low. At first she goes to live in a fine old mansion in Savannah, and you still see her often. But soon she vanishes from Savannah's world. She's "Juliette Low" now, a figure in the social whirl of London in winter, of Scotland in summer. You hear news of gay times at her London town house, her country estate in Warwick, her castle in Scotland. She seems like a character in fiction, not quite real.

Years wing past. You hear that Juliette Low is on her way across the Atlantic, that she has some idea in mind for American girls. She has cabled her family: "I'm bringing home the biggest thing yet!"

"That sounds like the old Daisy!" you chuckle, wondering what it will be. It doesn't take long for you to find out. She is calling you on the telephone, urging you over to help her launch this wonderful thing: Girl Scouting.

It's something that began in England, she explains—a movement for boys started by Sir Robert Baden-Powell (later he became a lord). When the British girls heard about it, they wanted to be in on it, too. So a girls' movement was started over there, and Juliette Low was one of its leaders. But soon she felt it was so fine a thing that the girls of America mustn't be left out.

She turns the old empty stable back of her Savannah home into a meeting place for the first troop. The girls who gather there are just a handful. But they are the touch-off of a movement that is to become nationwide, a sisterhood of all American girls who promise to serve God and country, and obey Scout Laws about such things as honor and loyalty

LONGMANS favorites for girls 12-16



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Anything Daisy starts is sure to be fun. Soon she and the girls are hiking and picnicking down by the Savannah River. There are bird walks and nature study. As other Savannah troops get started, there's an intertroop basketball league. Daisy engineers a two-weeks' encampment with boating and swimming, outdoor cooking, and singing around an evening campfire. Little by little all the things that Daisy herself loved as a girl seem to find a place in this movement of hers—the modeling and painting, the play-acting, the outdoor adventure in which everyone has a job and responsibility.

Of course it's much too soon—back there in 1912—even to dream how big this thing can get to be. You hear it is taking hold, spreading like a storm of winged seeds to other and far places. "There'll be hundreds of Girl Scouts soon!" you say, a little awestruck. How can you guess that someday there will be two million—with the membership always going up!

Girl Scouts of the present time all over the country will be delighted to know that Daisy's girlhood home will never be torn down or pass into the hands of strangers, for the Girl Scouts are planning to restore the lovely old place. Some of the rooms will be exactly as they were when Daisy romped through them. And this fall Girl Scout troops, as troops, will be given an opportunity to share in the project, if they wish, through troop contributions.

Youngsters flocked about Daisy when she was alive. They have flocked about Juliette Low ever since. The movement she started has something for them they understand! It's hard to say what it is. The old home is perhaps its symbol. Strength with gaiety; fun that serves and never harms others; adventure that stretches your soul and makes it grow!

THE END

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By You

(Continued from page 21)

looked like a small boy trying out a new, engrossing toy.

But I can't ask you to stop, my darling, she told him in her thoughts. I cannot ask you to sacrifice your joy for your safety... and my own.

It was a black night. Celia grew dizzy if she tried to watch the white, ribbon-like road as it unfolded swiftly in the path made by the glaring headlights, so she closed her eyes. She was dreaming of a wide, white, sandy beach. The blue water of the ocean washed over her as she swam in the sunlight toward a raft. A familiar figure waved and beckoned to her from its bobbing deck. It was Bud, his skin bronzed and gleaming. Somehow, no matter how hard she tried to reach the raft, Celia seemed to be drifting farther and farther away; she was so tired, but in a pleasant sort of way.

Suddenly Celia was brought back to reality by the screeching wail of police and ambulance sirens. Bud slowed up; ahead of them loomed several cars. Bud pulled out around the jam, and then they saw it—the accident.

David drew in his breath sharply. "Boy, what a wreck!"

Joan turned her face away from the two demolished autos, but Celia was seemingly paralyzed by the horror of the scene. Broken glass was scattered all around; one door had been ripped off one of the cars, and blood covered the seat. The wailing ambulance pulled away and sped off into the darkness.

"Let's get away from here," Celia's voice was a broken whisper. Bud obliged, and as Celia gave the scene one last glance, she saw something vaguely familiar. It was a scarf, a bright, blue scarf; it was exactly like the one she had given her mother for Christmas last year. It lay, surprisingly unmarred, apart from the collision. But it couldn't be, she told herself. Not Mom and Dad—"What's wrong, kitten?" Bud asked, looking at her for a moment. His voice sounded strained.

"Oh? Oh, nothing," Celia tried to smile. "It's just that..."

"Don't feel bad about the wreck," Bud comforted. "Those things... happen all the time. You know."

Celia nodded, but she saw clearly in her mind that bright blue scarf lying by the roadside.

"We're almost to Batesville," Joan said.

"Yeah, and it's only eight thirty," Dave sounded as if a great weight had just been removed from him. "How about going to a movie somewhere, Bud?"

Bud looked at Celia. "I—I don't care," she said. But now she felt a new fear rising in her heart.

They came into town. "Bud, would—would you mind stopping somewhere so I could use a telephone?"

He laughed. "Is it a matter of life and death?"

"It might be," she almost snapped.

Bud's face changed. "Sure, sure; anything you say."

Celia's slender fingers trembled as she dialed her home telephone number. She waited while the operator rang the bell. Twice—three times—four times—five times. Celia realized that she was holding her breath. Oh, dear God, please, please! she prayed. Then, suddenly calmed, Celia hung up mechanically. There was no answer.

JOY MAC STARRY (age 15) Blanchard, Oklahoma

(Continued on next page)

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MY MISSISSIPPI Poetry Award

*O, muddy river, calm with deceit
Yet turbulent beneath; in your dark waters
Reflecting sunshine rays on the smoothness of
your surface,
Slick with oil from passing cargo boats.*

*O, peaceful river, watchful guardian,
Bringing to our door, from far-off worlds,
The skill and products of their many people.
Good to our city, dear to its citizens.*

*O, angry river, trapped behind a levee,
Straining at the confines of your banks,
Seeking to be loose and to destroy us all
In one mighty movement of your pulse.*

*O, mighty Mississippi, our river,
A friend and servant—yes, a source of life
To us who dwell behind your guarding levees
With unconcern, yet wonder at your strength.*
MARY ANNE MUMME (age 16) New Orleans, La.

MISFIT Fiction Award

Slowly she started down the corridor, and as she went I watched her. I saw her bent head and heard her footsteps echoing in the lonely hall. I wanted to run after her and tell her that I was her friend and would be no matter what they said, but I remembered the way my friends had spoken, and I knew I'd never have the courage. The door at the end of the hall closed, and she was gone.

I didn't think of Sharon again until the next day when I went to lunch. I'd picked up my tray and started back to the place my friends saved for me when I saw her sitting alone. I wanted to speak to her but I wasn't sure what to say. Then I made up my mind. I'd sit down and talk to her and wouldn't care what my friends would say. I heard my name and looked back at the girls and then at Sharon. Her eyes almost seemed to be pleading with me. I walked away. Again I had turned my back on her.

When I reached the table my friends started talking about Sharon, how she didn't belong and the funny way she acted. I wanted to tell them that they would act the same way if they were treated as Sharon was. I looked at them and suddenly I was ashamed, not for them but for myself because I wouldn't stand up for her when she needed it most. I should have asked them what right they had to make fun of her or anyone else. Then I began to wonder. Why was I always thinking of things I was going to do and at the last minute always backing out? The answer came and I knew it was true. I was a coward.

I was afraid of what the other girls would say if I stood up for Sharon; I was afraid of them ignoring me as they did her. I was afraid they would talk about me and make fun of me, too. It looked as if the only thing important to me was to be popular even at the expense of another. I got up from the table and walked back to study hall alone, trying to decide what to do but I found no answer. Talk to them? It would do no good. They would just keep on the same way as they had from the first day she had come. I remember even before she started they had made up their minds not to like her. The day she came into our room and was introduced she either didn't see the sneers and hear the remarks or she pretended not to. She smiled at the class and said she was sure she would be very happy. Before long the class almost seemed to make Sharon eat those words. The

moment she had entered the room the first day the girls built a wall that separated her and no matter how she tried she couldn't break through.

Recently, I heard Sharon was leaving and it wasn't hard to figure out why. She said her parents thought it would be better for her at a public school. I knew that wasn't the reason. I was the only one who saw the tears in her eyes when one of the girls was especially unkind to the "misfit," and she had overheard the remarks but not because they didn't want her to. Sharon was leaving to get away from hatred. But of course, she didn't say that.

It was Sharon's last day at school. After the classes were over all the girls followed her down the stairs laughing softly and saying things loud enough for her to hear. She paid no attention at all—just started down the dreary corridor. Again I watched her go and then something inside snapped.

I don't know how it happened, but all of a sudden I was saying all those things I'd always wanted to. I told them how they hadn't even given Sharon a chance. How they'd made up their minds to hate her even before they'd met her. I said she was better than any one of us, and the only thing they hated was the color of her skin.

I turned my back on them and saw Sharon going out the door. I started walking after her. Then I began to run.

"Wait, Sharon," I called. "Wait, I'll be your friend." But the door had already closed, and she was gone.

GEORGANN McADAMS (age 15) Kansas City, Mo.

THE HONKERS Nonfiction Award

"Hey, Maureen!" called my brother. I pulled the bridle off my horse and opened the gate. It was unlike my brother to sound so excited, so I hurried toward the house.

The wind was blowing, but it wasn't cold for October. Trees still bore their leaves, and it was nothing to see a hundred ducks on the reservoir, resting to continue their migration.

Paul called me again. He was standing at the edge of the house, looking out at the field. "Look at the geese," he said.

I looked where he pointed. "Geese!" I whispered.

I wouldn't have been surprised at ordinary white geese, but these, these were Canada geese, the most beautiful geese in Audubon's bird book. Living on the borderline of Southern California, I never thought that I would see a real honker.

Dad came out of the house with his gun. "Good old roast goose," he said.

"Oh, Dad, let me ride over to Grandpa's place and get his binoculars first." He considered this a moment and then he told me to make it snappy.

I got my bike and rode up to the gate. I stopped and looked back at the geese. "Fly," I said and then I turned toward Grandpa's house, a quarter mile away.

When I got back, they were still there. I knew that a Canada goose mates once in its life, and if Dad shot one there would be a lone goose. The Bible says that the beasts were put on the earth for man's use, but I still didn't want to see one die. Through the binoculars they looked like a family. There were four of them and they were beautiful.

Dad came out carrying his gun. He told me to watch through the binoculars. The geese just stayed still; they didn't know the danger that they were in. Why did they come here? Why didn't they come when Dad was away? Dad steadied his gun on the fence.

I waited. I heard Paul sit down behind me; a bird twittered; a cow bawled. Maybe something was wrong with the gun; maybe Dad had changed his mind. But no, there was a crack of a rifle, feathers flew, and four beautiful geese rose in the air.

MAUREEN SHEHORN (age 13) Lucerne Valley, Cal.

GHOST OF A CAT Poetry Award

His grave too cold, he slinks out across the lawn
Toward the lighted house;
A faint tap-tapping between time and the wind,
Paws scratching the screen door, meowing faintly...
A lithe, small shape, he slips like water
Across the hall,
Green eyes suspended in mid-air like a cigarette
End and then vanished....

Back he comes, back to the warm kitchen
And the friendly stove,
Back to the family who sheltered him, loved him.
He slides noiselessly in search of his
Own dish of milk,
A silhouette in the street-lamp light,
A wave of whiskered tail....

He disappears, a remembered thing,
A thought-up thing...
Now his soul belongs to time and the wind...
He meows a last good-by. Good-by....

ELLEN LITCHMAN (age 17) Salina, Kansas

THE LOCOMOTIVE Nonfiction Award

Around eight o'clock in the morning the locomotive always starts to warm up. When I was a little girl, I always awoke when I heard the clear, metallic ringing of the locomotive's great bell. I would get dressed, eat, find my tricycle, and pedal over to meet the locomotive. Then I would watch her go backward and forward along the tracks. When she stopped in
(Continued on next page)



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DORIS JACOBS (age 13)
Spindale, North Carolina
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front of me, I would look with wonder at the wheels. The mechanism which made them turn intrigued me. The noise was so great it seemed as if my head would burst. Above me the great clouds of gray smoke seemed to blot out the fluffy white-and-blue sky. Suddenly a piercing whistle would be blown and there would be the engineer in his grimy blue overalls grinning at me.

Since I've started school I can't watch the eight o'clock warmups, but when summer comes, the locomotive blows her whistle again and I'm off. I stand near her once again. Two thirds of the locomotive is a great black cylinder. It could be said that it looks like an oatmeal box, only that it is abnormally long and solidly black in color. Black pipes that look like long hoses are stretched around and over the top. Small coils of iron cans, in which soup might be found if they were in a store instead of on a train, square metal boxes, small pipes, a maze of wires, miniature tanks, and many other things are strewn over the surface of the lower half of the black "oatmeal box." Smoke pours out from one of the miniature "tanks" and makes a clumsy, gray cloud. Steam shoots out in a steady stream and seems to remain above its "tank" like a rolled-up newspaper without any news except that it has arrived.

The bottom third of the locomotive is composed of a dark jungle of wheels, pipes, and hidden openings. Driplets of grease trickle down the wheels. Steam drifts between the wheels. The distance from my side of the locomotive to the other side seems to be unending because of the darkness and narrow passages created by the machinery. The locomotive starts to crawl along the track and then scoots backward again. I look once more at her great wheels when she stops in front of me. In them spins a tiny part of my early childhood. Then I turn to go, but I'll always come back... back to see the locomotive.

KATHLEEN MARIE JENKS (age 14) Muskegon, Mich.

**THE LITTLEST ROBIN
Fiction Award**

The robins were very busy that day. In fact, they were busy every day. Their four babies



ART AWARD:

LINDA JUNE GALLOWAY (age 13)
Goldsboro, North Carolina

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IT'S A DATE—PAGE 26

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had been hatched and were hungry every single minute!

Day after day they brought food to the little robins. Until one day, Robin Redbreast said, "Well, our babies will be flying away soon."

"How soon?" asked Mother Robin.

Robin Redbreast thought for a while. Finally he said, "Why, tomorrow would be as good as any time."

"Well, if you say so," said Mother Robin, doubtfully.

That night the robins waited impatiently for dawn to come. When the red sun finally rose up over the treetops, they went to get one last worm for their babies before they flew away to forage for themselves. On the way back to the nest, with a fat worm in the beak of each, Robin Redbreast was as proud as a peacock. But Mother Robin began to feel worried. She wanted to ask Robin Redbreast to wait one more day, but she knew that if she opened her beak to speak, she would drop the worm she was carrying.

While the robins were gobbling up their breakfast, she began to feel braver. They have to fly away sometime, she thought, it might as

well be now. "Well, let's get it over with," she said to Father Robin. So the flying lesson began.

The first three robins hopped bravely out of the nest, fluttered their wings and flew away. Mother and Father Robin had a hard time getting the last and smallest robin to come out of the nest onto the limb, but finally they succeeded.

"Now flap your wings and jump off the branch," they told him. He jumped, but became scared, forgot to flutter his wings and dropped to the ground, unhurt. At the same time the robins heard a soft meow.

"The cat! Fly, little robin! Oh, fly, fly, fly!" they cried.

But the littlest robin knew nothing about cats and didn't see any hurry about learning to fly. And worst of all, the cat knew it. He crept up slowly. Then feeling sure that the robin was as good as caught, he stared at him once with his bright green eyes. One look was enough! The little robin lifted his tiny wings and fluttered them wildly. Slowly he rose from the ground, and the cat was dumfounded. The cat made a desperate grab for his leg when he realized what was happening, but he missed

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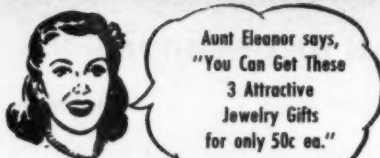
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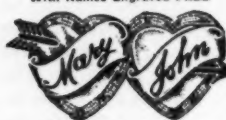
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the littlest robin by just a fraction of an inch!
The baby robin flew away out of sight, never again to be that near a cat. Mother and Father Robin sighed happily, while the cat slunk away, thinking maybe tomorrow would be a better day for catching birds.

PATSY ROBERTSON (age 11) Chicago, Illinois

HONORABLE MENTION

ART: Susan Lamb (age 15), Pasadena, California

FICTION: Carol Ann Young (age 13) Lawrence, Kansas. Barbara McCleskey (age 16) Buechel, Ky.

NONFICTION: Janet Lass (age 11) Brooklyn, New York. Kathleen Regan (age 15) Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts.

POETRY: Alayne Hockett (age 16) Zurich, Kansas

PHOTOGRAPHY: Evelyn Leyer, San Carlos, Calif. Sandra Clapp (age 14) Ridgefield, Washington. Barbara Bovee (age 13) Springfield, Missouri

Rules for BY YOU Entries

HAVE YOU SENT an entry yet for your own Contributors' Department?

Readers under eighteen years of age may send contributions to this department. They may be on any subject that will appeal to teen-agers. Only original material, never before published, should be submitted.

"Original" means that in all contributions the idea, and the drawings or words which express that idea, must be entirely the sender's. Contributions must not be copied in any way from the work of another person.

Short Stories: Not over 800 words.

Poems: Two to twenty-five lines.

Nonfiction: Description, biographical or human-interest sketch, episode from real life. Not over 400 words.

Drawings: Black-and-white only, on stiff drawing paper or poster board; may be done in pencil, black writing ink, India ink, charcoal, tempera, or wash. Not smaller than 5" x 7".
WARNING: Wrap carefully!

Photographs: Any subject, Black-and-white only. No smaller than 2 1/4" by 3 1/4". Wrap carefully, as damaged photographs will not be considered.

RULES

1. Entries for the February, 1955, issue must be mailed on or before November 1, 1954. Entries will be considered only for the one issue of the magazine for which they are submitted.
2. On the upper half of the first page of all manuscripts—or on a sheet attached to drawings and photographs—there must be written:

The name, address, and age of sender.

Her troop number if she is a Girl Scout.

The number of words in the piece submitted.

The following endorsement, signed by parent, teacher, or guardian:

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3. Manuscripts must be typewritten or neatly written in ink, on one side of the paper only.
4. Ages of the contributors will be considered in judging, and the decision of the judges is final. A contributor may send only one entry a month—not one of each kind, but only one.

5. All manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted become the property of THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. THE AMERICAN GIRL reserves the right to cut and edit manuscripts when necessary.

AWARDS

First awards, \$10; all others, \$5. Each month a list of Honorable Mention contributions is printed. No awards are made for these.

Send Entries to "By You" Dept. Editor

THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine

155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

OCTOBER, 1954

Jokes

ANIMAL STORY

TEACHER: Is the story of Goldilocks a fairy tale or a legend?

PETER: Sounds like bear facts to me.

Sent by MARY LOU TAYLOR, Casper, Wyoming

THEY MADE IT!

"Perkins, Parkins, Peckham, and Pottle—Good morning!"

"Mr. Perkins, please."

"Who's calling, please?"

"Mr. Pincham of Pincham, Pettam, Pop-pum, and Poole."

"One moment, please. I will connect you with Mr. Perkins' office."

"Mr. Perkins' office."

"Mr. Perkins, please."

"I'll see if Mr. Perkins is in. Who's calling, please?"

"Mr. Pincham."

"Here is Mr. Perkins. Put Mr. Pincham on, please."

"I have Mr. Perkins, Mr. Pincham. Go ahead, please."

"Hello, Joe? Lunch?"

"Okay, by."

Sent by LEVONA MURRAY, Coos Bay, Oregon

LONG TIME, BIG STEAK

GEORGE: Doesn't it make you mad when a girl is slow getting ready to go out to dinner with you?

KENNETH: It sure does—the longer she takes, the hungrier she gets.

Sent by GRETCHEN WIBEL, Confoocook, N. H.

REPEAT THAT, PLEASE?

The chairman of the meeting, fearing that the distinguished guest would be annoyed if flash bulbs went off while he was speaking, instructed the waiting photographers:

"Don't take his picture while he is speaking. Shoot him before he starts."

Sent by ROSLIN GRADY, Tampa, Florida

HIGH UP, TOO

BOB: You know Ferris?

FRAN: No, who is he?

BOB: Oh, he's a big wheel at the amusement park.

Sent by LINDA BOARDMAN, Bernardsville, N. J.

FORESIGHT

FIRST CAMPER: What a wonderful morning! I feel as if I could stretch a mile.

SECOND CAMPER: Why don't you?

FIRST CAMPER: I'm too tired to walk back.

Sent by MARTHA GUDGEL, Evansville, Indiana

SNEAKY THING!

MARTHA: Is my cat smart!

NORMA: How come?

MARTHA: She eats cheese and then waits at a mousehole with baited breath.

Sent by SANDRA KELSEY, Avon Park, Florida

THE AMERICAN GIRL

FIRST PERSON, SINGULAR

BETTY: What is an egotist?

ALLAN: A person who is me-deep in conversation.

Sent by LOIS ARVIDSON, New Rochelle, New York

GOOD JOB

Six-year-old Nancy had begged to be allowed to help husk the corn for dinner. It was her first experience at husking, and she began eagerly. But after a few minutes she sighed wearily and remarked,

"Whoever wrapped these up certainly knew what they were doing!"

Sent by JENNIE BARTON, Chico, California

WANTS HIS MONEY'S WORTH

DOCTOR: What is that stingy patient of yours complaining about now?

NURSE: He's mad because he got well before all his medicine was gone.

Sent by MARLENE SCHUBERT, Astoria, New York

THE HARD WAY

LITTLE SISTER: I have a riddle. What is the difference between?

BIG BROTHER: Between what?

LITTLE SISTER: Oh, no! I'm not giving any hints.

Sent by RUTH ANN PATTERSON, Onarga, Illinois

IMPORTANT NOTICE

All jokes must be sent to THE AMERICAN GIRL on two-cent Government postal cards. Send as many jokes as you wish, but no more than two to a card. Write in ink, or on the typewriter, and be sure to give your name, full address, and age. Address your cards to THE AMERICAN GIRL, Jokes Department, 135 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York.

THE AMERICAN GIRL will pay \$1.00 for each joke printed on this page.



Close Joe Kestner

"If I'd known he was in this movie, I'd have dressed up."

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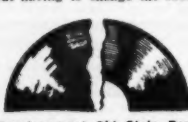
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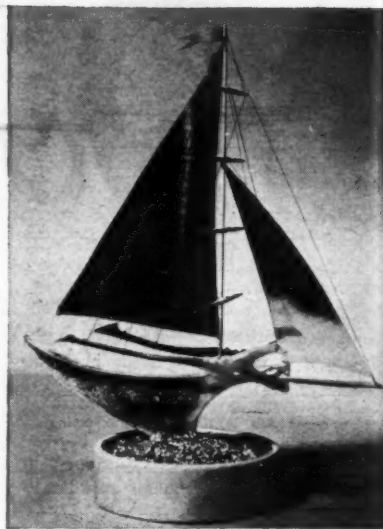
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by ALEX LISCH

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